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First Bid in the Dutch Auction

IN a dispatch which we print on a later page, our Bonn Correspondent reports that the first reaction of public opinion in Western Germany to the outcome of the Moscow talks was dismay that Dr. Adenauer should have secured so little in return for assenting to the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Such an attitude is based on a fundamental misconception—of which Western Germans have no monopoly—of the real results achieved by the "meeting at the summit" in Geneva. When the Heads of State reached the conclusion that in no circumstances could Cold War activities be allowed to culminate in an H-Bomb war, they did *not* go on to promise that all the controversial issues which divide the two great Power Blocs in the world should forthwith be solved by friendly negotiations and mutual concessions. In fact, the only hard decision made at Geneva was that issues should be discussed and not made the excuse for a world war that no one could win. Thus it was logical that this pattern should have been repeated in the Moscow talks.

Having decided that some rearmament of Western Germany must be accepted as a *fait accompli*, and that it would be quite unrealistic at the present moment to press Dr. Adenauer to break with the West, the Russians clearly saw no point in hurrying attempts to reach a solution—on terms acceptable to Moscow—of what the communiqué issued at the end of the talks describes as "the principal national problem of the German people—the re-establishment of the unity of the German Democratic State." This is simply to be "helped" by the establishment of normal diplomatic relations, and by the projected negotiations on the development of trade between the Federal Republic and the U.S.S.R. Marshal Bulganin was probably expressing his real feelings when he declared that the conclusion of an interim agreement on these lines was "very satisfactory" to the Soviet Government; and it is equally certain that the prospect of finding, in the U.S.S.R. and other countries in the Communist Bloc, an enormous market for West German goods will be welcomed warmly by the big industrialists of the Ruhr. They will see in this partial lowering of the Iron Curtain by the U.S.S.R. a great opportunity for the advancement of their own interests.

Does the agreement mean that the Russians have succeeded in driving the thin end of a wedge into Western unity? So long as Dr. Adenauer is at the helm, there is no reason to suppose that the Federal Republic will abandon the policy of being a "reliable ally" of the Western Powers. The Chancellor, however, is an old man; and it has long been obvious that in a diplomatic auction for the soul of Germany, the Russians have bigger inducements to offer than the West. They have not chosen to offer any such inducements this week; and, except for the hints by Mr. Molotov and Marshal Bulganin that steps might be taken by the Federal Republic to curb the launching by American organisations of propaganda balloons, and the use of Soviet citizens in Western Germany for Cold War purposes, there is no indication that the Soviet Union is anxious at present to conclude any sort of "deal" with Western Germany. The immediate point of advantage which the U.S.S.R. has gained is that the Federal Republic will be gradually drawn into talks from which its Western allies will be excluded, and that the more Western Germany's economy becomes dependent on Communist markets, the greater will be the pressure which the Soviet Union can exercise on Bonn.

The lesson is plain enough. Diplomacy has been confused for years by the threat of atomic war. If neither side may any longer rely on war as "a continuation of policy by other means," then both will discover which are the real positions of strength—in terms both of economics and ideology. Realistic bargains will once again have to be struck: they may not satisfy either party as wholly just, but at least they will be better than the results of war.

The News in Review

THE Japanese Foreign Secretary, Mr. Shigemitsu, himself not so long ago in prison as a war criminal, has been politely received by the State Department in Washington, and offered the warmest assurances of friendship by General MacArthur. His discussions with Mr. Dulles, however, can have left him in no doubt that America wishes a heavily rearmed Japan, but armed on American conditions and under American control. Since his return to Tokyo, he has been accused of having yielded to American demands to retain bases in Japan and to use Japanese troops for overseas service. Mr. Shigemitsu's political opponents can quote the statements by American senators and generals who, in view of Congress opposition to the use of G.I.s for war in Asia, have often talked of a Japanese army as the spearhead of an American anti-Communist war in the Far East. All the public has been told about the present discussions is that America regards a promise of 180,000 land effectives as only half the necessary minimum for the defence of Japan against the Communist bloc, and that Washington has no immediate intention of giving back to Tokyo the strategic islands that she seized after the war. The United States regards Japan as her most valuable ally in the East, but is today well aware that a revived Japan must now and always be, geographically and economically, drawn towards China rather than towards the West.

THE Government is now facing an embarrassing dilemma over the call-up. The demand for a reduction in the period of national service has grown so strong that it can scarcely be ignored. Both the T.U.C. and spokesmen of the employers' organisations have stated bluntly that the country cannot afford the existing drain of industrial manpower into the Services; and these criticisms are sharpened by the improvement in the international situation, by the increasing seriousness of Britain's economic difficulties and by repeated —frequently shocking—reports of the waste of Service manpower. Mr. Butler must share to the full the public disquiet; but the problem is not so easily solved. National service in peacetime was originally conceived as a post-war expedient to replenish the Territorial Army and the Reserve. When that purpose had been achieved, it was continued and extended to meet the emergency of the Korean War. Now, however, it is no more than a device to cover the failure of the Government to raise an adequate regular army. The telling argument against the reduction—still more the abolition—of national service, is the immediate necessity which such a step would create to offer the Services pay and conditions adequate to attract a long-service regular army. Those who fear the consequences of giving to the Services the considerable privileges necessary to achieve that goal in a period of full employment must face the fact that not to do so is to perpetuate national service. Suppose, then, that the Prime Minister decides, as he almost certainly will, that some reduction of the period is essential, how to do it? Merely to reduce the period of the call-up is to maximise the difficulty. For the army then has to carry all the existing overheads of training and selection, while getting a shorter period of trained service out of each man. Thus the fall in effectives would be relatively much greater than the gain to industry. Sir Winston Churchill has always favoured a selective draft; but opposition to such a step would be widespread and bitter, and it seems unlikely that Sir Anthony will choose to launch himself deliberately on such a turbulent sea. It has been hinted that the Government is in fact considering a third device: to leave the period of service as it is for the time being, but to raise the lower age limit at which a man becomes eligible. This suggestion, which amounts to calling up, in the next few years, a smaller draft for the full two-year period, would relieve the army of some of its immediate difficulty while absolving the Government from the political odium of "rigging the draft." It would almost certainly be unpopular with the educational authorities and it could, at best, be only a temporary solution; but it may well be the one which Sir Anthony will choose.

HAVING sown the wind in Cyprus by Mr. Macmillan's statement that there was no prospect of self-determination "in the foreseeable future," the British Government is relying on armed force to deal with the predictable consequences. With the despatch of Marine commandos from Malta and infantry from the Canal Zone, the strength of the garrison is being built up to approximately a division. This force may be sufficient to deal with rioters—unless gun-running into the island increases seriously. But what is to be the final outcome of present British policy? There seems to be little probability of the Governor persuading Cypriot leaders of any standing to co-operate in forming a Government on the lines which Mr. Macmillan proposed; and the increasingly bitter opposition of the Church in Cyprus is already leading to talk of the necessity of deporting Archbishop Makarios, who can doubtless find a comfortable place of refuge in Greece. The argument that the British occupation of Cyprus at all costs is essential for Defence in the Middle East is unconvincing. What is gained by the possession of an island base if its retention requires measures of repression which are bound to make Anglo-Greek relations as bad as those already existing between Athens and Istanbul? We see no reason why London should be blackmailed by Athens into handing Cyprus over to Greece forthwith in the sacred name of Enosis. But if Nato planning in the Eastern Mediterranean is not to collapse in ruins, it might still be worth trying to reach an agreement over Cyprus on the basis of a promise to concede "self-determination" after a stated—and short—period.

THIS week's annual meeting at Istanbul of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund was preceded, as on previous similar occasions, by rumours in various Continental bourses that Mr. Butler would announce his intention to pave the way for the complete convertibility of sterling by a devaluation of the pound. Very little reflection is needed to prove the improbability of such rumours. First, it is becoming increasingly clear that the Chancellor's credit squeeze is operating very slowly. The August trade figures show, as might be expected, a welcome rise in exports, but this is primarily the catching up of shipments delayed by the dock strike. More significant, the volume of imports, though less disquieting than in the first quarter of the year, is still running at what can clearly be described as a "boom" level. Up to August, bank advances, as the latest quarterly analysis indicates, had not reacted appreciably to the Chancellor's call for retrenchment. Until the pattern of the foreign payments balance becomes much clearer, it can be taken as certain that Mr. Butler will resist firmly any pressure exercised in Istanbul to risk further "liberalisation" of sterling transfers.

We doubt also whether the Chancellor will pay much attention to the statement issued this week by the British Employers Confederation, which wants a new Geddes Axe on Government expenditure. The Confederation would apparently like to see not merely retrenchment on Defence, but also a slowing down of all capital investment programmes—not merely on roads, but in the case of all nationalised industries. This is a short-sighted policy. There may be a case for curbing personal expenditure; but, on a long-term view, more, not less, capital investment is essential if British goods are to remain competitive.

AT the National Coal Board's summer school at Oxford this week, an interesting paper on the problem how management at the pit level can be improved was read by Sir Andrew Bryan, staff member of the N.C.B. Endorsing the view that the colliery manager is, at present, over-burdened by having to do himself a multiplicity of jobs which could, in many cases, be delegated, Sir Andrew suggested that the solution should be sought not merely in giving every colliery manager "staff college" training in the technique of administration, but in establishing, at most pits, an administrative and a personnel officer who would take over from the manager much of the present distracting routine work in connection with records, reports, and detailed man-power questions. This line of approach, which follows broadly the recommendations made by the Fleck Committee, is clearly sensible; but it leaves out of account a question of equal importance. Will much be gained by rationalising pit managements on these lines unless something is also done to simplify the present bureaucratic structure of N.C.B. management *above* pit level? It is this which presses so heavily on colliery management.

WE publish this week under the general title "The West Indian in Britain," a survey by Norman MacKenzie and others of some of the social problems raised by the currently high level of coloured immigration to this country, mainly from Jamaica. We commend it to the attention of our readers not only for its intrinsic interest, but because of the light it throws on two little-known aspects of the problem. The first is its dimensions: Mr. MacKenzie concludes that this country must expect an influx over the next ten years of at least 200,000 such immigrants—quite enough, in fact, to raise, for the first time in Britain, serious problems of colour prejudice and second-class citizenship. The second is the state of affairs in Jamaica itself. It is often assumed by men and women of goodwill that the alternative to this continuous migration is a financial effort by Britain to prime the pump of the Jamaican economy. Mr. MacKenzie points out conclusively that this is not so: in the short term, at least, there is no such solution to Jamaica's insolvency—short of direct doles from Britain. Few readers of this journal will wish to challenge Mr. MacKenzie's belief that it is our duty in this situation to fight as hard as we can against any concessions to racial prejudice and any discrimination against our fellow British citizens from Jamaica. That fight will be more effective and, in the long run, more likely to succeed if the problem is candidly viewed in all its complexity.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Defeat or Realism?

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: At the moment West German feeling is one of diplomatic defeat in Moscow. The champions of Cold War—and these are still rather more numerous in West German public opinion than anywhere else in Western Europe—must feel this morning that the world is falling to pieces. But even a writer like Dr. Silex, for long the advocate of a prudent kind of Bismarckian neutralism for Germany, writes glumly: "The Soviet view has prevailed all along the line." He finds that all Dr. Adenauer brings back from Moscow is "a post-dated cheque."

However, when the first shock is over, there will probably emerge that there is very little real opposition to Dr. Adenauer's decision, and I have a feeling that when the Bundestag votes on the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, there will be a larger majority for it than there was in favour of the Paris Treaties last February. I think it likely that, for the first time, the Social Democratic opposition will not oppose a major act of Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy. It may abstain; conceivably it may even approve. It can hardly vote against.

For, when all is soberly considered, Dr. Adenauer has done the only possible thing, and has, though at the sacrifice of some prestige, managed to extricate West Germany from an impossible position. It is true, he has had to abandon—in fact, if not in words—some cherished West German pretensions, such as that West Germany is not West Germany but the German Reich in its frontiers of 1937; that the East German State does not exist; that the provinces beyond the Oder-Neisse line have not been lost; that, in fact, the Second World War has never taken place. He has, for appearance's sake, verbally stated all these reservations—he does not recognise either the East German State or the Oder-Neisse line, and he continues to regard West Germany as "legitimately representative" of all Germany. But the essential thing is that he has accepted diplomatic relations with Moscow, despite the fact that Moscow does not accept any of these theses. There will, in future, be a West German and an East German Embassy in Moscow—and soon, probably, not in Moscow only. There must be a mixed commission of East and West German representatives to sort out the remaining war criminals in Russia; and this action is a precedent. In a word, there will be the first facing of realities on the part of the West Germans. But facing realities is never a real loss. What Dr. Adenauer has sacrificed in Moscow are dreams and hollow pretences. What he has gained in return is a new freedom of manœuvre.

Internationally, the result of Moscow is that Bonn has caught up with the resolutions of Geneva. Geneva had left Bonn out on a limb. West Germany was still committed to a policy of "strength" and the Cold War, while the Western partners had changed over to a policy of relaxation and peace-making. Dr. Adenauer was in danger of becoming Europe's Syngman Rhee. He has seen the danger, and has had the wisdom to avoid it. Had he allowed the Moscow talks to break down, and come back denouncing Russian wickedness, he would soon have been a nuisance and a trouble-maker in the eyes of all but the most extreme Right-wing Western opinion. As it is, he has joined the ranks of the peace-makers—and, at the same time, added to his diplomatic leverage inside the Western camp by showing that he can just possibly make his own peace with Moscow.

Again, on the intra-German plane, he has got out of a position of sterile negation. He may now, sooner or later, have to sit at a table with Herr Grotewohl and talk about the terms of German reunification. But, at the same time, he has, as it were, outflanked the East Germans by coming to terms with Moscow on his own, and has thus added a trump card to the strong hand he would in any case hold in any intra-German negotiations. Here again, what seems at first sight like a retreat, may well turn out to be a best-winning move. All in all, it is hard to withhold one's respect from the old man. He has his faults undoubtedly, but he has a cool-headedness, an imperturbability and an eye for essentials, such as are rarely found in Germany today, and he has probably never shown these qualities to better advantage than just now.

Paris

Trouble at the Gare de Lyon

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Since the beginning of September almost 200,000 men have had their release deferred or have been called to the colours. Yet no war has been declared and no proclamation of mobilisation has been plastered on the walls of Paris. The reservists have been recalled by individual summons and they are going off unheralded and unsung. It is a secret mobilisation for a war which no one has the courage to call by such a name. But young Frenchmen are not robots who operate to the press of a button. Maybe they are indifferent to the *ratissages* in North Africa, but that does not mean they want to take any part in them. Newspapers of all political colours have, for the last week, been bombarded with letters of protest, and with the inevitable question from the young reservists: "Why do we have to go?" Claude Bourdet has given them their answer in *France Observateur:* "To defend the estates of M. Borgeaud, the profits of M. Blachette, the mines of M. Aguillon, the brothels of El Glaoui, the arrogance of Georges Bidault and the *amour propre* of Alphonse Juin." The issue containing this article was seized by the police as soon as it appeared. For the press even in France itself is under what approaches a kind of unofficial martial law. In the last three weeks, five newspapers in North Africa or in Metropolitan France have been either seized or banned on Government orders. This blanket of silence is not, however, enough to smother the strong feelings of the young men who are being sent off to a war of which they understand neither the purpose nor the value. A state of discontent, which is becoming more and more difficult to contain, prevails in every military establishment. Last Sunday, at the Gare de Lyon, several hundred men who had been recalled refused to be sent to North Africa, and an ugly fracas took place between them and the police.

The fact is that years of political blunders have confronted the French Government of today with an intolerable dilemma. The military situation in Algeria and Morocco has degenerated, in recent weeks, to the point where to continue the policy of strength—so dear to the dyed-in-the-wool settler—would require the dispatch to North Africa of the whole French Army; and if that were to happen, there would be a grave risk of civil war at home. In Morocco, the location of French troops up till now has been almost entirely in the larger towns, and the territories of the Moyen-Atlas have been left to the care of small outposts. But with the recent uprising of the Berber tribes, at least five new divisions would be necessary. In Algeria, the occasional *maquis* gangs of last year have been transformed into an effective-looking army of from 12,000 to 15,000 men whose effectives—thanks to the "collective repression" at the end of last month—are increasing all the time. More and more divisions would be necessary to deal with this situation. But where are they to come from? That is the question which M. Pinay, who seems rather more clear-headed since the Aix Conference, has just been putting to the meeting of deputies of the *Centre National des Indépendants*. "Are you ready", he asked his more intransigent colleagues, "to call up yet further classes?" M. Jacquinot, the mouthpiece of the extreme Right, answered that in 1914 one did not ask soldiers to express their opinion about whether or not they wanted to go to war. In the face of this attitude, M. Pinay stalked out of the meeting and handed in his resignation from the group, stating that he would not reconsider his decision so long as "the representatives of the extreme and militant Right-wing continued to take part in it."

Meanwhile, negotiations with the Sultan Ben Youssef have not been easy; and the optimistic tone of the official communiqués does not hide the obvious fact that General Catroux went to Madagascar not to present Ben Youssef with the French conditions, but to accept terms from him. True, the former Sultan did not press his obstinacy to the limit, but he has made no fundamental concession. He has given his agreement "for the time being" to a Council of Regency composed of a majority of his own supporters "without in any way abrogating our right to the throne of Rabat." Everything that has happened proves the accuracy of M. Grandval's analysis: two months ago France could have obtained a far more favourable agreement over Morocco.

Even now, M. Faure may have trouble in pressing through his scheme. On Tuesday, President Coty wrote an official letter to Ben Arafa requesting him to retire to Tangier, and it is hoped that he will have already left Rabat by the end of this week. The way will then lie open for an official proclamation of the Council of Regency by the French Government. Meanwhile, both in Paris and Rabat, the extremists are staking all on a last desperate throw. General Koënig has taken the unprecedented step of disassociating himself from the Cabinet's decision; European riots are feared in Casablanca; and General Boyer de la Tour has yet to prove that he takes his orders from the Government—and not from Marshal Juin. If the *colons* and their allies can postpone Ben Arafa's departure until after the Assembly returns on October 4, there is a serious chance that M. Faure will be overthrown—and the whole Moroccan question reopened.

NEXT WEEK

Paul Robeson
Profile, with caricature by VICKY

Freud's Middle Years
MAURICE RICHARDSON

Commercial Television
A Preview

Southport

Afterthoughts of the T.U.C.

An Industrial Correspondent writes: More interesting than the staged battles on "Rule 11" and on wages at Southport last week was a debate on the relations between the T.U.C. and the unions in Communist-governed countries. The discussion turned on a motion sponsored by the National Union of Mineworkers. The motion called on the General Council "to initiate discussions with the appropriate organisations with a view to securing the utmost international solidarity of the workers of all countries." The history of this resolution is most instructive and reveals some of the extreme difficulties created by years of cold war. The motion had originally been moved by the Northumberland Area of the N.U.M. at the miners' national conference in July. It is relevant to mention here that the Northumberland Area is not led by members of the Communist Party. The motion was carried without opposition at the N.U.M. conference, and it is being said that Mr. Ernest Jones has been severely criticised by some of his colleagues on the General Council for carelessness in "letting it slip through."

The N.U.M. delegation decided at their pre-conference meeting to stand by their resolution. The General Council decided to oppose it. This led Mr. Ernest Jones, at another delegation meeting, to ask the N.U.M. delegates to change their previous decision and to remit the resolution to the General Council without a vote. After a heated debate the miners decided by a clear majority to insist upon a vote and selected Mr. Arthur Horner to move the motion on their behalf. The debate itself ranged far beyond the limited field of trade union relations. Sir Vincent Tewson opposed the resolution and argued that he could see no useful purpose in renewing contact with trade unions in Communist countries. After a long and bitter debate the resolution was turned down by 4,457,000 to 3,431,000 votes. The minority included the miners, the engineers and the railwaymen. Many delegates were asking after the debate why the General Council had not accepted the motion. The memory of bitter factional struggles within the W.F.T.U. at the height of the cold war, at a time when the foreign policy of the Soviet Government was particularly intransigent, certainly provided one reason. The main answer, however, may be contained in Sir Vincent Tewson's declaration that "we don't wish, in attempting to make new friends, to astonish old friends and strain our established loyalties." This obviously refers to other members of the I.C.F.T.U. and must be read in the light of the attitude adopted by the American Federation of Labour. Mr. George Meany, speaking on behalf of the Executive Council of the A.F. of L., recently published a statement in which he totally rejected the idea of resuming relations with the Soviet trade unions. He added, for good measure, a fierce denunciation of the delegation of United States farmers who had actually been to Russia. It seems that the General Council have no hope of carrying the A.F. of L. along with them in a policy of ending the cold war. Mr. Wilkinson, one of the spokesmen of the N.U.M., underlined this fact when he said in the debate: "It is a sad fact that the trade union movement is lagging behind the Government in trying to find new contacts and better relations with the Eastern countries and peoples." Nevertheless, the huge minority vote, composed overwhelmingly of non-Communists, shows the direction in which the British trade union movement is travelling in this matter.

The Problem of Malta

THIS week, the representatives of Malta have returned to London. On Monday an all-party parliamentary committee will meet them at a round-table conference "to consider constitutional and related questions arising from proposals for closer association between Malta and the United Kingdom, and in particular from the proposal that Malta should in future be represented at Westminster." This proposal, which was first put forward by Mr. Mintoff, the Prime Minister and leader of the Maltese Labour Party, at the London Conference in July, has—despite its revolutionary nature—been well-received here. In his statement to the Commons in July, Sir Anthony Eden expressed the wish that it would meet with "a sympathetic response in all parts of the House"; Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, is believed to be one of its advocates; and, thanks to the initiative of Mr. Attlee, it has received the approval of the Labour Party.

Nevertheless, the scheme has its critics. They argue, first, that there is strong opposition to integration in Malta itself, notably from the Nationalist Party, whose leader, Dr. Borg Olivier, advocates Malta's transfer from the Colonial Office to the Commonwealth Relations Office. Against this, it should be pointed out that the Colony's future status was the principal issue at the Maltese elections in March, and that Mr. Mintoff's party won a clear popular mandate. A further, more cogent and widely held objection is that Maltese M.P.s might, in an evenly divided House, be in a position to exercise an influence out of all proportion to their numbers; and the example of the Irish members is quoted as a warning. A third, and final, criticism is that integration will not necessarily provide a solution to Malta's difficulties.

This brings us to the heart of the problem; for although next week's talks will be concerned mainly with the constitutional issues, the motives which led Mr. Mintoff to advance his proposal were largely economic. Malta's economy, like that of Gibraltar, is essentially the artificial creation of British imperial strategy. Since the occupation of the islands in 1800, British naval and military installations have absorbed an ever-increasing proportion of Malta's labour force; as a result, what might be called the "non-military sector" of Malta's economy has atrophied. An inquiry into Malta's economic problems, made this summer by Dr. Thomas Balogh and Mr. Seers, calculates that Service expenditure now determines, directly or indirectly, about 80 per cent. of Malta's national income. The people of Malta are thus almost entirely dependent for their livelihood on a continuation of Britain's present strategy in the Mediterranean—a perilous position in the age of the H-bomb. Malta has a "one-crop economy"—and the crop may become valueless at very short notice.

The problem does not end here. Since the beginning of the century, the rapid fall in Malta's death rate has nearly doubled the population—from 186,389 in 1901 to an estimated 316,000 in 1955. The birth rate has declined slightly since the last war, but there is no evidence that this tendency will be permanent; and the current rate is still twice as large as in Britain. Birth control might provide part of the answer, but the great majority of the people of Malta are Roman Catholic, and there is strong opposition from the Hierarchy. Since 1946, emigration has syphoned off some 26,000; but this in itself is no solution, particularly since a high percentage of the emigrants are young males with technical qualifications—Malta's rarest commodity. The accommodation of this growing population within the framework of an economy which, by nature, is incapable of organic expansion, has proved an impossible task. Since the 1880s, Malta's history has been one long series of financial crises, which have been temporarily solved by grants from Britain. It is now obvious, however, that the breaking-point has been reached, and a policy of expedients is no longer enough.

The financial aspects of the problem can be stated simply. In the financial year, 1955-56 current expenditure by the Maltese Government (an estimated £11m., of which about £3m. will be provided by the U.K.) will exceed receipts by nearly £1.5m. In recent years, budgetary deficits have been covered by grants in aid from the U.K., obtained only after hard bargaining. Moreover, Malta's apparent solvency was achieved only at the cost of postponing decisions on a number of vital problems—technical training, water-supply, civil service salaries—all of which have since become more urgent. Meanwhile, War Damage Grants, which have been the mainstay of Malta's capital investment programme since the war, are coming to an end. After the current financial year, only £4.9m. will be left, and it is calculated that this will be exhausted in the next two years. During the same period, Malta is also expected to draw upon her last grants from the Colonial Development Fund. Thus, within two years, the resources available for capital expenditure will decline by from £3-4m. At the same time, if widespread unemployment is to be avoided, if living standards are to be raised progressively, and if the non-military sector of the economy is to be made viable, increased capital investment at an annual rate of £3-3.5m. will be required. Where is the money to come from?

It is clear that, in any case, Britain will have to provide some; and the report quoted above mentions an annual figure of £1.5m. Both the Maltese and British Governments are agreed, however, that Britain cannot be expected to foot the whole of the bill—apart from any other considerations, it is a matter of Maltese pride to escape from the position of being a perpetual beggar. The income of the Maltese Government could, theoretically, be raised by increasing the rents paid by the U.K. for Service installations on the islands, and by raising charges paid by the Forces for public utilities. Negotiations to this effect have, in fact, been conducted at intervals for many years. But the question is too complex to be settled with the urgency the situation demands, and, moreover, it is unlikely that such additional charges could ever provide the sums required. In addition, such a solution ignores the possibility that the military installations may one day be substantially reduced, or abandoned entirely.

For these reasons, no acceptable solution can be found within the framework of Malta's present constitution. The existing system, a dyarchy, is in fact anomalous. The Legislative Assembly is supreme in all matters except Defence. But Defence, in the Fortress of Malta, necessarily involves interference in wide areas of civil life; and this is the sole responsibility of the Governor and a Nominated Council, consisting of his chief official advisers and the three Heads of Services. As has been shown above, however, defence is precisely the key to Malta's economy. Since the Nominated Council is responsible only to the British Government, and ultimately to Parliament, the Maltese have, at present, no say in matters which vitally affect their national interests.

Hence the necessity for a constitutional change. Integration could provide a permanent solution to the economic problem. The Maltese Government does not expect, as some critics have assumed, that taxes, wage-levels and social services should immediately be adjusted to British levels; on the contrary, it recognises that this might well have undesirable effects on Malta's economy. The principal advantage of integration in Maltese eyes is that Malta, by becoming technically part of the U.K., would automatically be eligible for assistance under the "special area" arrangements for dealing with economically backward areas in Britain. Malta would thus occupy a position like that of Devonport or Chatham, areas whose economies are similarly dependent on the exigencies of military strategy. At the same time, the Maltese people, through their representatives in Westminster, would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had at least some control over the way in which the British Government moulds their economic destiny.

It is these considerations which have led the Labour Party to adopt a favourable attitude towards integration. Obviously, such a grave constitutional innovation cannot be undertaken lightly, particularly since other colonies, such as Gibraltar and St. Helena, could conceivably, in time, become eligible for similar status. Again, the parliamentary difficulties involved are serious. But, for historical reasons, Britain has acquired a considerable moral responsibility towards Malta; if this responsibility is to be discharged, if the people of Malta are to be given the means to create an economic future for themselves, some constitutional change is inevitable. We are far from arguing that the parliamentary difficulties are negligible; but those who would oppose Mr. Mintoff's plan may fairly be asked to answer the question: "What is the alternative?"

Labour and the Industrial Revolution

NOBODY supposes that the first party conference after a decisive electoral defeat, with four more years before the trumpets sound again, is likely to be very gay or inspiring. But the resolutions on the agenda for next month's Labour Conference provide remarkably little evidence of a penitent or defeatist mood on the part of the constituency parties. Yes, the election has been lost; maybe yesterday's heroes seem temporarily eclipsed; maybe a deft party management is piling up the prefabricated trade union vote in increasing preponderance over the voice of the rank-and-file. That voice, none the less, is neither silent nor apologetic: defeat, say the constituency parties, was not caused by the fierce desire of their members to change society, or by the personal loyalties which attached to that desire.

Out of 52 resolutions under the general heading of *Future Policy*, 25 demand, more or less explicitly, what Conference delegates love to call "a more vigorous Socialist policy" for Britain; a further half-dozen say the same thing by implication; while the resolution of Deptford seems to stand alone for the opposite cause. A similar and even more interesting trend is obvious in the 19 resolutions which appear under the heading *Automation and Nuclear Developments in Industry*. At the same time, foreign policy resolutions have shrunk by comparison with recent years to a relatively small proportion of the agenda, and to relatively lesser importance. Whatever else may be true of this year's Conference, its emphasis is going to be on domestic affairs.

The switch is perhaps not an altogether unhealthy one. It is difficult to resist the notion that some, at least, of the noble words on foreign and colonial issues which have spilled with such abandon at recent Conferences have come from delegates who felt constrained to talk in generalities about the far off issues of which they knew little, because they had nothing to say about the concrete problems which faced them nearer home. In so far as that criticism is just, a renewed interest in facing the challenge of domestic problems may be a sign of new vitality and fresh thought. There is, however, little concession to the siren voices which, under the catch-phrase of "re-thinking," seek to seduce the rank-and-file from its traditional faith in a Socialist society. The resolution from the Wythenshawe party talks bluntly of "the betrayal of Socialist principles now being advocated in the form of a re-thinking of Socialism from within the Labour Movement"; and those words, if a trifle bigoted, will undoubtedly evoke a sympathetic response from the majority of the delegates.

This yearning for "a more vigorous Socialist policy" lies at the heart of the dissensions which have rent the Labour Party since 1951. Of course, the clamour is sometimes crude and uninstructed. Of course, the militants in the constituency parties and the union branches can be made to look impractical and foolish before the weapons of statistical and technical debate. Their emotions are, none the less, the *raison d'être* of the Labour Party. The fact is that members of the party want more than the technocrats and the bureaucrats can give them. But so, we believe, do the people of Britain. When a party divides between those whose politics are limited to an equation in industrial efficiency, and those who know little of accounting, but have an unreasoning love for equality and freedom, it is the second group which is facing the realities of life in the age of automation and limitless energy. There is a theme which runs through many of the resolutions: "Full employment," says Morecambe and Lonsdale, "and a decent funeral are not enough." A Glasgow party adds: "The aim of the Labour Party is the establishment of a Socialist society. From this end the means cannot be separated." From Birmingham comes the first reference to automation: "In a planned Socialist economy . . . where the fruits of labour are shared by all, automation of industry would lead to the elimination of dull repetitive work and to a short working-week, giving opportunity for increased education and leisure." And, more specifically, from ASSET:

> This Conference, noting the possibility of a new industrial revolution arising from the use of atomic energy and of electronic and other forms of automatic mechanisms, is concerned that the great increase in productivity which will be made possible by these means, should be used to better the lot of the peoples of the world as a whole . . .

Here is the theme of this year's Conference—to use new means of productivity to "better the lot of the peoples of the world," to break away from the enervating logic of the account book, to fight against increasing enslavement by the machines. This—and not interminable argument about the past—must be the theme of Socialism in the years ahead; and it is a theme which, annunciated with sufficient fervour and conviction, will evoke an increasing response among more and more ordinary people everywhere. The party leaders at Margate would do well to pause and reflect, in humility, on the instinctive wisdom of their followers.

London Diary

SINCE I have from the beginning criticised Nye Bevan's judgment in standing for the Treasurership of the Labour Party against Gaitskell, I cannot pretend to be surprised that he looks like being even more severely trounced this year than last. Last year, he could claim that some of the unions, including the A.E.U., had had no real chance of understanding the issues. Unhappily, now that they have had a full opportunity of discussion, the A.E.U. is actually one of the unions that has nominated Gaitskell. Even in the constituency parties, Nye only carries 33 as against Gaitskell's 19. The explanation? Simply, in my view, a misunderstanding about the nature of the Labour Party. On the platform Nye's extraordinary eloquence and wit make an appeal that cannot be equalled by any bureaucratic politician, however able. But Labour audiences do not vote the way they clap. The Party feared a split when Nye resigned from the Government, and now, particularly after electoral failure, wants to close its ranks. Most delegates will tell you that any Labour Government ought to contain both Gaitskell and Bevan, and that it is not Bevan's job to be Treasurer. They think his stand against Gaitskell is a splitting tactic. He has always argued that the handling of the money is a matter for officials; the Treasurership, he holds, is a political, not a technical, job. That has never been the view of the rank-and-file, and that they were right has been confirmed by Gaitskell's skilful handling of the finances in the last year.

* * *

Will the Archbishop of Canterbury attempt a reply to the temperate but firm rebuke administered to him from the pulpit of St. Paul's by Canon Collins last Sunday? Presumably, Dr. Fisher has before him the full text of the Canon's remarkable sermon; the newspaper reports I've seen do not go beyond summarising his refutation of the Archbishop's misguided effort to distinguish theologically between being "equal in the sight of God" and "equal in the love of God." Certainly nothing could be better calculated to convince African Christians that the Church hierarchy is seeking an excuse to tolerate the doctrine of *apartheid*, which, as the Canon acknowledges, has often been theoretically denounced by the Archbishop. But most of the Canon's sermon dealt with other remarks made by Dr. Fisher. He said that "the colour bar is not the kind of thing we should get excited about and fanatical over." He suggested that the great gulf between the races in Central Africa today is parallel to that between the classes in Britain 150 years ago. The problem must be tackled with "good will" and could be solved "bit by bit."

* * *

To this Canon Collins replies that the parallel is fundamentally false because, in Africa today, "the under-privileged are indelibly marked Black"; the racial barrier is like the old caste division in India which could not be removed by luck, hard work or a shift in the economic balance of the country. Secondly, the Canon points out, conditions for the non-European in South Africa are now "so disgraceful, so sordid, so intolerable," that there is no time in which the great gulf between White and Black can be gradually bridged. Is it not the duty of Christians to risk being called agitators, irresponsible or subversive, rather than to pass by on the other side when the need is greatest? Finally, he reminds Dr. Fisher that this prudent statesmanship, which does not believe in a "fanatical" opposi-

tion to racialism within the Commonwealth has the effect of supporting the racialists. "The Colour Bar has become in Africa the guardian of privilege; it upholds the inviolable right of the White man to keep the Black man under-privileged." To suggest that somehow things will come all right if we don't agitate is to add the sin of Pharisaism to that already committed by the priest and the Levite.

* * *

My last week's comment on some recent trends in China produced an oddly perverse leading article in the *Manchester Guardian*. The point of my brief comment was to mention some disturbing symptoms in Peking. I referred to what appeared to be examples of ideological persecution (a reference which should be to the taste of the *Manchester Guardian*) and suggested that in the matter of land Socialism China is awake to the folly of Soviet methods. The Chinese, who want to stick to the voluntary principle, like to be congratulated on their prudent approach to the peasant. But they are also apt to boast of the rapid progress of co-operation, and then again relax pressure when they fear they are going too fast. The *Guardian* ludicrously suggested that these remarks were really somehow or other a reflection of Communist propaganda, and remarked that, so far from relaxing pressure towards land socialisation, the Chinese press has only on August 21 again boasted of its speed. My point is adequately established if I recall that when, in February, Peking boasted of 580,000 agricultural producer co-operatives, the State Council said that "owing to the rapid development of A.P.C.s, insufficient experience, inadequate preparations and lack of unified and detailed provisions concerning the concrete policies . . . the principle of voluntariness is not fully observed." It went on to admit that mistakes had been made, leading to "misgivings and misunderstandings" among the peasants and that, before and after the autumn harvest of 1954, co-operatives were established "in a hurry." The State Council added its decision that "in the interests of a healthy and normal development . . . the movement should be *slowed down somewhat*."

* * *

The death of William Ohly reminds me of a noisy night—I think it must have been in the fly-bomb period—when we ate jugged hare (he was very proud of his jugging) in a basement of the Berkeley Galleries hung with strings of onions, and crowded with boxes of priceless Chinese works of art. Ohly was a delightful man; I regret his death exceedingly. He came from Yorkshire originally, and spent many years as a sculptor and painter in Germany. Hitler presented him to us in 1933. He started the Berkeley Galleries in 1941. He was the least worldly of art dealers and most imaginative of exhibitors. The catalogues for his unusual exhibitions were brilliantly informative. I remember particularly his exhibition consisting entirely of Kwanyins, which traced the history of the Goddess of Mercy from her Indian origin through her hermaphrodite period in Tibet up to her transfiguration as a Madonna with child in China. No less remarkable was his exhibition of Tibetan art, and, amongst recent exhibitions, his delicious assembly of African sculpture designed to show how tribal artists have seen their White conquerors. A memorial exhibition of Ohly's own painting and sculpture (some of which is very fine) is being opened at the Berkeley Galleries (20 Davies Street, London, W.1) by Sir Philip Hendy next Tuesday at 6.0.

Sherlock Holmes used to call it a capital mistake to theorise without data. I suppose criminologists have been theorising for centuries, but only in the last few years have they had the mass of factual knowledge about human behaviour—and especially its predictability—that they have been exchanging and discussing this week at the Third International Congress on Criminology at Bedford College. The theme of the congress was recidivism: Dr. Denis Carroll called it in his presidential address "the criminal habitus—the tendency that some human beings show of persisting in crime, whether their crimes be detected or not." And among the well-known criminologists, judges, lawyers, doctors and sociologists who meet from opposite sides of the world on these rare occasions, to greet and gossip with each other in the corridors and lounges between the formal sessions, you could find general agreement that "recidivism" is too often the outcome of a "loss of self-esteem." I have often thought that a sense of failure and social inadequacy is probably the greatest force working to keep the prisons full; if so, there should be much more room for the psychiatrist in the prevention of crime. But as for what happens when prevention has failed, it seemed to me that the French must be some way ahead of us in the matter of prison employments: all the Congress agenda papers and all the learned addresses on which the sectional discussions were founded had been printed, in three languages, in French prisons.

* * *

Last spring, Jean-Paul Sartre's play, *Nekrassov*, was generally denounced by the critics on the ground that it showed ignorance of the life and habits of French newspapers. After all, they said, it is not true that anybody can just turn up calling himself an ex-Minister of the Interior from the Soviet Union, and cash in on the anti-Communism of newspapers. Today, in the light of a current Paris law-suit, it looks as if, on the contrary, Sartre was right. A certain Gerard Blum presented himself last year to the *Figaro*, and offered to procure an interview with Beria, who, he said, was a refugee in South Italy. In order to make his proposal more specious, he did not himself offer the interview, but simply proposed to introduce the editors of *Figaro* to Beria, who could then make arrangements with him. The journal immediately made an advance payment to Blum, and sent two special envoys with him to Italy. When they arrived at their destination after an excellent journey, Mr. Blum disappeared, carrying off, for good measure, his companions' raincoats. The *Figaro* claims that the interview with Beria, which did not materialise, cost them nearly a million francs.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Salisbury police yesterday gave away a pair of trousers to Michael Murphy (29), of no settled address, who was found guilty at a Salisbury court of "exposing the posterior of his body, thereby disturbing the peace."—*Manchester Guardian*. (V. Williams.)

Mrs. Earl mentioned she had not paid any rent for 15 years as her landlady would not accept it because she said it would upset her income-tax arrangements.—*Evening Standard*. (H. Sylvester.)

Justice of the Peace and Family require House or Bungalow suitable to his station of life.—Advert. in *Isle of Wight County Press*. (T. D. Mills.)

The address was given by the Rev. C. E. Wayforth (All Saints, Whitstable) who held up an oyster and took as his theme a sentence made up of one word for each letter in the word oyster: "Open Your Soul To Eternal Reality."—*Kentish Gazette* (N. P. Gates).

Empire Profile

The B.B.C. yesterday apologised for Mr. Gilbert Harding's attack on "chinless idiots" in Cyprus.—*News item.*

A painful episode is closed in haste,
An insult to the Empire is erased;
A broadcast indiscretion
Made a very bad impression,
Offending all the canons of good taste.

Broadcasters may defend their point of view,
Official idiots may be chinless too.
But the B.B.C. direction
Made appropriate genuflection,
For Colonial Office features are *tabu*.

And yet uneasy doubts they cannot quell,
Nor popular anxiety dispel,
That there may be a tendency
To send to one Dependency
Chinless and idiotic personnel.

Though chinlessness denotes no lack of will,
Or shows that the intelligence is nil,
There may be Empire wallahs
With chins inside their collars,
Who might be classified as imbecile.

The Empire leaders, ruling in Whitehall,
Official idiots never will recall,
But if the allegation
Was based on information
It may have been fair comment, after all.

SAGITTARIUS

The Rachmaninov Enigma

WHEN I saw Prokofiev in Moscow in 1945, he said, towards the end of a long talk, in reply to my question what he thought of Rachmaninov: "Really, I'd rather say nothing about him. We hated each other's guts." Prokofiev spoke almost perfect English, and loved English colloquialisms. In 1945, having just completed his marvellous 5th Symphony, he was at the top of his form, and he hated Rachmaninov both as a man and for all that he stood for in music. It was the hatred of the revolutionary for the reactionary. The two had scores to settle. In the past, when Prokofiev was the *enfant terrible* of Russian music, no man did more than Rachmaninov to mock and discredit what he called "the futurists"; Glazunov and other conservative friends of Rachmaninov's did their utmost to prevent young Prokofiev from receiving his gold medal at St. Petersburg Conservatory. Critics like the famous Karatygin, who had "discovered" Prokofiev, ran down Rachmaninov on every occasion, even though, around 1910, he was at the height of his glory. Young Prokofiev and 40-year-old Rachmaninov were like the two poles of Russian music at the time.

I could not help constantly recalling all this as I waded through the nearly 600 pages of Rachmaninov's Letters*, just published in Moscow. For one thing, throughout these 600 pages there is not a single mention of Prokofiev; none of Stravinsky or any other "modern" com-

* S. V. Rachmaninov. *Pisma*. Edited by Z. Apetianz. (Moscow 1955.)

poser, with the exception of Skriabin and Richard Strauss, to whose *Salome* Rachmaninov reacted in a very significant manner. At first he was "absolutely thrilled" with it, and remarked that if any of his own works were played after *Salome* they would look "indecently naked". But a few days later he dismissed *Salome* as "savage and barbarous." As for Skriabin (who was a fellow-student of Rachmaninov's at the Moscow Conservatory) he merely remarked on the works of his "middle" period that they were "most curious". Later, in an interview with an American paper, he dismissed Skriabin's music as "un-Russian", as "no-man's land" music—a phrase which is in the best Soviet line.

What is significant, however, is that Rachmaninov's utterances on either his own or other people's music have to be looked for with a fine-tooth comb in this haystack of family gossip, hypochondriac moans over fatigue and bad health, constant complaints about being hard-up or broke, and the trivia of everyday life. Where his work was concerned, Rachmaninov was the most secretive of men. There is, throughout this book, not a single vital comment on any of his own works, not a line of the composer's artistic philosophy, no insight whatsoever into his "creative processes". True, he was very conscious of the technical side of his work and of the "rules" of composition. Thus, in commenting on the manuscript of one of his friends, he wrote:

> It is never good or natural when you write a musical phrase the first part of which is 8 bars long, and the second part only six. The second part must be either equal or longer, but on no account shorter.

And on October 22, 1901, before playing for the first time the whole of his famous 2nd Piano Concerto, he suddenly got into a panic, and wrote to his friend N. S. Morozov:

> I have been playing over the first part of my Concerto, and suddenly I realised that the transition from the first theme to the second is absolutely *useless*. In its present form the first theme isn't a theme at all, but merely an introduction; and nobody in the world will believe me, when I start playing the second theme, that this is the second theme. Everybody will think it's just the beginning of the concerto. This whole part is ruined, and I am absolutely sick of it. I am in despair.

However, he got over his panic, for the Concerto proved an immediate success, and has remained to this day (together with the famous Prelude) the most popular of all Rachmaninov's compositions. And, indeed, deservedly so.

What a strange man Rachmaninov was! For one thing, he was too erratic and restless and bothered by domestic problems and hypochondria to be able to concentrate on composing consistently. For years he would compose next to nothing. Or else, he would make up his mind to devote a few months to composing, and retire to his country house or to Dresden, and there produce "a big quantity, but no quality", as he himself would admit. Very often in his letters he expressed dissatisfaction with his work, seldom satisfaction. He "disliked" writing piano solo pieces, and many of his songs he dismissed as "commonplace and unbeautiful". He had a phobia about "futurists" and "modernists", and no doubt considered himself the standard-bearer of the great traditions of Russian music, which he linked with Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. His faith in this "tradition" was never shaken; yet one suspects that he was never quite sure of himself, "except as a very young man", as he wrote to Marietta Shaghinian in 1912. These letters to the 24-year-old Marietta (who was later to become a well-known Soviet writer) are about the only ones in the whole book in which Rachmaninov is "provoked" by her into revealing a little bit of his inner life:

> Yes, my "criminal spiritual complacency," as you call it, is a fact, and I am terribly conscious of the danger of finally sinking into the bog of a humdrum existence. And the truth is that I don't believe in myself. Dear Re, teach me how to believe in myself, at least half as much as you believe in me. If ever I believed in myself, it was a very long time ago, when I was young. . . . I was "shaggy" then, a type you obviously prefer. . . . During these last twenty years my only doctors were Dr. Dahl, the hypnotist, and two of my girl cousins . . . who taught me to believe in myself. Sometimes they succeeded. But the illness is deep-rooted, and is spreading deeper and deeper. I shall not be surprised if, before long, I stop composing altogether, and become a routine pianist or conductor, or a gentleman farmer.

He did not become a farmer, because in 1917 he lost his head over the Revolution, and fled from his beloved Ivanovka in a panic, writing thereupon a truly cold-footed letter to Ziloti, begging him to arrange for a passport for him and his family so that they could "get away—away from Russia—to Sweden, Norway, England, France, anywhere." It was an undignified ending to his career in Russia, which he had begun as a half-starved young student, but arrogant and conscious of his importance: for had not Tchaikovsky told him that he was "born under a lucky star"? And had not Tchaikovsky also said that it was time he "handed over to the brilliant young people—Glazunov, Arensky and Rachmaninov"? It went to the head of the 19-year-old youngster. In 1893 he composed "like mad". Then came the first blow: the fiasco of his 1st Symphony. And for four years he remained in a state of idle gloom, until Dr. Dahl, the "hypnotist", came to the rescue. Then there followed years of glory—as a pianist, as a composer, as the conductor of the Moscow Opera.

Yet the 1912 prophecy was to come almost true: he went abroad, and there he became the "routine pianist", with his 75 highly paid concerts in one "season", and tons of money from manufacturers of gramophone records. He sent some food parcels to friends in Russia, and some dollars to his old mother (his father, the ex-hussar officer, who had squandered the family fortune on wine, women and song and run away with another woman, had faded out of the picture by this time); he felt bitterly homesick, yet would not return to Russia and became a model grandfather to his two daughters' children. One of his daughters "loved", the other "loathed" America; his own feelings were strangely divided. Sometimes he would lose patience with his old Moscow friends, and wrote to his old pal Slonov saying that he needn't expect long letters from him; he must realise how much business correspondence had to be done in the U.S. Shortly before his death, after the German invasion of Russia, Rachmaninov gave charity concerts for the benefit of the Red Army, and wrote to the Soviet Consul that he "wanted to believe, and believed in the victory of his people". Apart from his 3rd Symphony (on which opinions greatly differ) he wrote very little during his "exile".

This 600-page book of Rachmaninov letters virtually covers only the period up to 1917, and there are many gaps even here; apart from the *amitié amoureuse* he felt for Marietta, there is nothing on his (apparently rather complicated) love-life; the letters written later are few and far between; but the editor hopes that many more Rachmaninov letters will be unearthed in time. In the preface Rachmaninov is treated as a "genius", and it is curious what a cult has been organised in the Soviet Union during recent years of this "traditionalist" composer, the last true representative of Russian 19th-century music—indeed, of the "less good" of the two great traditions, i.e., Tchaikovsky, rather than Mussorgsky. Even works which the composer considered unworthy of publication are now being piously published, chiefly by that great musicologist P. A. Lamm, to whom we are already indebted for his publication in 1932 of the authentic Mussorgsky scores (instead of the "embellished" Rimsky-Korsakov versions) of *Boris* and *Khovanshchina*. Neither Rachmaninov's "gloom" and "pessimism", nor his "fatal political mistake" of leaving Russia matter, compared with his value as a "truly Russian" composer.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Better Teeth

As everyone knows, one of the most intractable diseases is dental caries. It affects practically all of us from childhood onwards, and its treatment involves the country in immense cost. At last a method has been discovered whereby its incidence can be substantially reduced, at a cost estimated in America at 3-10 cents per head per annum. It consists in the simple adjustment of the fluoride content of drinking water.

This discovery illustrates the tortuous course which medical progress takes, and the strenuous opposition which it so often encounters. It arose from the investigation of "mottled enamel," a condition entirely unrelated to caries. It was found in America that the degree of mottling depends largely on the fluoride content of water. At 6 p.p.m. (parts per million) nearly all people are affected, many of them to a severe degree of brown mottling and structural defect. At 1 p.p.m. (few British water supplies contain more) mottling is confined to 10 per cent. of the population. It is then a harmless condition and is detectable only on expert examination with the use of polarised light.

It was found that in areas where the incidence of mottling is high the incidence of caries is low. It was therefore deduced that both these conditions depend upon the fluoride content: a high content, while making teeth more liable to mottling, protects them from caries. Extensive field-surveys in America showed that, in areas where the fluoride content is 1 p.p.m. or more, caries was 60 per cent. less than in areas with a content below this figure. The same relation was found in this country. In South Shields (1.4 p.p.m.) the incidence in children was 45 per cent. less than in North Shields (0.25 p.p.m.). The difference mainly affects children; but, though less in adults, it is still perceptible up to middle age. It is interesting to note that a relation between caries and fluoride was suggested by Sir James Crichton-Browne as long ago as 1892.

The U.S. authorities decided to find out if fluoride added to water had the same preventive effect as naturally occurring fluoride. In 1945 they selected areas of low content and raised it to 1 p.p.m. The result was that caries was reduced to a remarkable extent. By 1951, among 6-year-old children in Grand Rapids, the average number of decayed, extracted (or needing extraction) and filled deciduous teeth had fallen from 6.43 to 3.73 per child, while the decayed, missing and filled permanent teeth had fallen from 0.77 to 0.26. The percentage of children with permanent teeth free from caries had risen from 65 to 86. Sufficient time had not elapsed to estimate the effects at older ages.

Three years ago a mission was sent by the Ministry of Health to study the experiment. After a most searching investigation they returned

fully convinced of its success. Their conviction must surely be shared by all who read their report.* The mission recommended that similar trials be made in this country. The Ministry accordingly invited five local authorities in low fluoride areas to raise the content to 1 p.p.m. Of these, four—Anglesey, Kilmarnock, Darlington and Watford—have agreed.

Both here and in America the plan has aroused considerable opposition expressed in the most violent language. Here the Government is said to be influenced by "the arrogance of scientific and medical experts." It is accused of "attacking the liberty of the subject," and of "mass-medication without consent." The authorities are "Frankensteins," "mass-murderers," "human monsters in the guise of scientists," "too beastly to be called men." It is therefore not surprising to hear the plan attributed to "the devilish machinations of evil conspirators viciously planning on delivering this nation into the hands of her worst enemies, the Kremlin."

Ignoring this abuse, we may consider those objections which appear to have some reason behind them and which are more soberly expressed. In both countries the main objection is based on constitutional rights. "Hands off our drinking-water." But what drinking-water? Extremely few of us drink water in its virgin state; and if we did, we should probably dislike it. Most of the water which flows from our taps is already doctored. Chlorine may have been added to kill bacteria; alum, to precipitate sediment; lime, to soften it or to neutralize the acidity which would otherwise cause lead-poisoning. To the objection that the consumers should be consulted it may be replied that in the preparation of drinking-water this is a right which they have never hitherto claimed, even when it concerns the addition of a foreign substance such as chlorine. Food is doctored in a hundred ways. To this the objectors reply that the consumer can select his food but cannot select his water. But to what extent can the townsman select his food?

It should be emphasised that, unlike chlorine, fluoride is not a foreign substance; it is present in some degree in many waters. The plan is merely to increase its amount in those areas where it is low up to the amount which normally exists in many areas. In America the Delaney Commission found that while the majority of scientific opinion believes fluoridation up to 1 p.p.m. to be safe there is a minority which holds that "it is not known with any degree of certainty exactly what subtle physiological effects may ensue, and that a number of important questions remain unanswered." But there is not a scrap of evidence to show that any harm results. The people of Maldon, Essex, where the fluid content is abnormally high, are as healthy and long-lived as people elsewhere. An independent inquiry made jointly by the American Hospital Association, the American Medical Association, the American Public Health Association and the Public Welfare Association reported that three million people were living in ordinary good health on water naturally containing fluorides in the amount recommended or more. The British mission have given the matter the most careful attention and, while advising that investigations should continue, believe that the evidence of harmlessness is so strong as to be almost conclusive.

Opponents object to the form in which fluoride is being added. Natural fluoride, they point out, exists as the calcium salt, while added fluoride exists as sodium fluoride or sodium silico-fluoride; and, since fluoride has a greater affinity for calcium than for sodium, its introduction in either of these forms will cause a disturbance of calcium metabolism which, over the years, may well produce ill-effects in adults and especially in those of advancing years. In view, however, of the very small quantity of fluoride relatively to the abundance of calcium, it is difficult to see that this theoretical objection carries any weight. It is significant that those who fear potential dangers to health completely ignore the undoubted dangers to health caused by bad teeth. They prefer that we should continue the endless and hopeless task of conservative dentistry.

The objectors believe that the prevention of caries lies in improvement in diet. They may be right, but the fact remains that never was the nation better fed. Yet caries continues unabated. They further cite the better teeth in peoples who are not so highly civilised. Caries may well be one of the penalties which we pay for civilisation, but it has been found in skeletons many thousands of years old. Fluoridation is not a cure for caries; nor does it arrest its progress in a spot where it has started. Nor is its preventive action absolute. But that it effects a very considerable reduction in its incidence is beyond all doubt.

The National Health Service is perpetually being criticised for paying too much attention to treatment and cure and too little to prevention. Yet whenever medicine proposes a preventive measure it encounters violent opposition. Smallpox vaccination, diphtheria immunisation—it is always the same story. Fluoridation offers a major advance such as has never yet occurred in the history of dentistry. It is being embarked upon not rashly but after the most careful deliberation. It is to be hoped that fear of unproved ill-effects will not stand in the way of securing so great a benefit to national health.

FFRANGCON ROBERTS

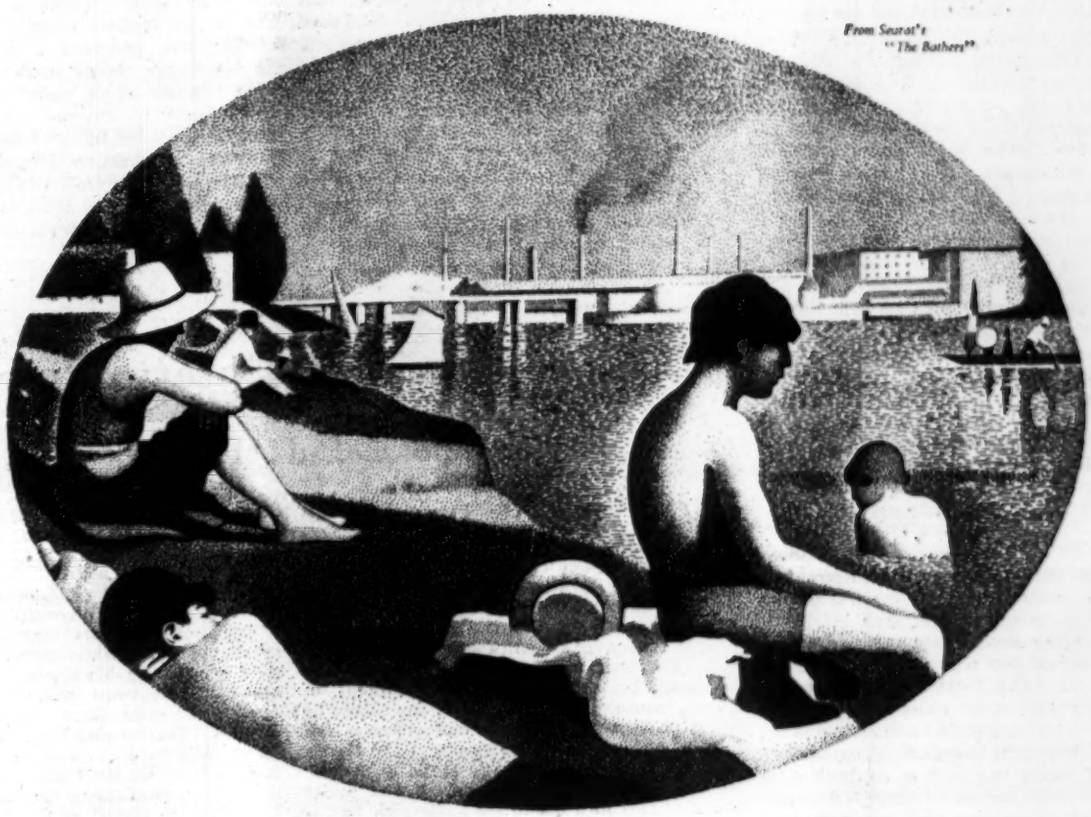
* *The Fluoridation of Domestic Water Supplies in North America.* Report of the United Kingdom Mission. *H.M.S.O.* 1953.

Memoirs of a Massacre Town

A FEW days after I arrived in Philippeville in November, 1942, I was struck by the sight of two Arabs in morning coats, which they wore without trousers. They were loping down the main street towards the port, happily singing *Lama el Walad Yenam* (When the baby sleeps, I'll come for my kiss), a current song-hit from the repertoire of the Egyptian troubadour, Abdel Wahab. These were the first Arab dock labourers I had seen who had not been dressed in a sack in which extra holes had been cut, and it was clear that the morning coats had come from a dispensation of clothing made by the British military authorities. From that time on the sack began to go out as the normal apparel of the working Arab, and more and more dock workers appeared on the streets in club blazers, shooting tweeds, flannel bags, pyjamas, and various combinations of these garments. These ex-peasants worked with immense zest unloading our ships. We paid them 50 francs a day, and fed and clothed them into the bargain. The *colons* for whom they worked previously had paid 7 francs, from which 2 francs had been deducted for the ration of bread and olive oil upon which they lived. This sudden change in their fortunes filled the Arabs with jubilation, and day and night the port area resounded with the chanting of strange but ecstatic melodies. By spoiling the labour market we made deadly enemies of the *colons*.

I was present in Philippeville as a member of No. 91 Port Security Section of the Intelligence Corps, in which I was a junior n.c.o., and, having an only slightly helpful smattering of Adenese Arabic, was given the task of studying and reporting upon the Arab attitude towards the Allied cause in the sub-department of which Philippeville was capital. This vague but highly educational assignment took me on motor-cycle jaunts into remote villages in the Petite Kabylie and the foothills of the Monts de Constantine where I found the Arabs endlessly hospitable within the possibilities of their difficult circumstances, although lukewarm towards our war effort. The illiterate 99 per cent. favoured Hitler because he was believed to be an orthodox Muslim who, under the name of *Haj el Jema*—the Friday Pilgrim—had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. The educated handful would have welcomed anyone prepared to rescue them from their servitude to the French. The destitution of some of these villages was the most extreme I have seen anywhere, and surpassed that of the battle areas in Tongking in the recent Indo-China war. Infant mortality through malaria and semi-starvation was fantastic. There were no doctors and no medicine. Women and children went completely naked in their huts. After we had been in North Africa a few weeks, the Arabs began to cheer up a little—the labouring classes seduced by the prosperity we had brought to them, and the intellectuals bemused by the hope that we might hold on to their country, or failing that, at least hand over its governance to some suitable holy madman to be produced by themselves. These people had hardly heard of Communism. The leader, for example, of the nationalist movement in Philippeville, was a doctor who preached a return to the strictest standards of old-fashioned Muslim piety, with the prohibition of almost everything, including profane music, and compulsory polygamy, for the glory of the Prophet, for all males above a certain income level.

One of my most useful contacts among the Islamic masses was a taxi-driver called Hadef. He was a handsome, generous and irresponsible man, much given to drinking Anisette in public places, partly as a political gesture against a Vichy statute not at that time repealed, which forbade the sale of alcoholic liquor to Muslims. Much of the information Hadef brought me was trivial—there were few real security problems in a base area such as Philippeville—but he was invaluable in helping to solve the mystery of the continual disappearance of stores from the base supplies depot. This depot was an irresistible magnet to a people many of whom had been slowly starving to death. With Hadef's aid I found that the goods which in one way or another were smuggled out were distributed through a receiver who happened to be one of the principal *colons*. This was a fabulous ruffian who lived in medieval style, surrounded by strong-arm men, and who, among his other feudal privileges, enjoyed, when he happened to feel like it, the *droit de seigneur*. We found him to be unassailable. Only the houses of Arabs could be entered without warning. This was a French citizen living in what was legally a part of metropolitan France, and we were obliged to apply for a warrant and to arrange for the presence of a gendarme before we could search his vast, seignorial house. By the time these preliminaries had been attended to our man had been tipped off. The *colon* and his gangsters stood by smiling good-naturedly while we searched for what was no longer there, although the whole house still



From Seurat's "The Bathers"

We want margin to our lives—

THOREAU (1817-1862)

All trade requires a margin; a surplus that can be put to economic use after production costs have been covered by returns. Without it, the movement of goods and services which keeps us alive would stop next week.

A man's life too must show such a margin, if it is to be worth living; something that enriches his material day after his work is done. It may be a study or a sport; a language he is learning, a musical instrument he is practising. On a broader scale, a nation builds its picture-galleries and its playhouses; they are there to help it live beyond to-day's horizon.

To this wider life, of individual, and community, industry brings its contribution—leisure. Without this there can be no true civilisation, no lives that have 'a margin'. Modern industrial advances have extended, and redistributed, the nation's spare time; with the new, factory-made hours that they have brought, the Machine Age can one day transform itself into the Leisure Age.

ESSO *Esso Petroleum Company, Limited*

reeked of our petrol which had been hastily poured away down the drains.

Our Port Security Officer, a fierce young classical scholar, since dead, knew no French, and his only non-official contact with local opinion was through the medium of a Tunisian eunuch who worked at the *mairie*, with whom he conversed in Latin. As a result of this he was very vulnerable to the French point of view—which was still that of Vichy and the *colons*. The French suggested as a cure for our problem a commando raid on the Arab village nearest to the supplies depot. Our P.S.O. thought this a wonderful idea; but the brigadier, when it was put to him, was worried. The military operation finally arranged was a compromise; a muddled and inconclusive shambles, half-heartedly carried out by infantrymen with normal inhibitions, in which the guilty, if any, escaped, a few innocents were shot and a number brought in for interrogation. When I was called in to assist at the questioning I risked taking Hadef along to interpret for me. The infantry major, who had produced an Arabic-speaking gendarme, counselled the maximum of severity and then made to withdraw. I told him he had better stay; and, as he was easily unnerved by a hint of barrack-room law, he did so. The prisoners ranged from about ten to fourteen years of age, and the interrogation started by the gendarme trying to crush their toes by jumping on their bare feet with his heavy boots. The major immediately sickened, called the whole thing off, and sent the gendarme away in disgust. He couldn't get over the fact that these children had stood quietly to attention while the gendarme had bullied and abused them, unwincing, their faces emptied of expression. Hadef and I hardly had time to establish their complete innocence before he carried them off to receive medical attention, and, no doubt, conscience money. In Philippeville, it seemed that only the toughest strain of Arab had survived.

The day before I left Philippeville, in May, 1943, Hadef arranged a farewell picnic outing with his family. He drove out in his taxi with his wife and sister-in-law to a safely secluded spot in the cork forest, where the girls pulled off their black, shroud-like outer garments and laid aside their veils. They were pretty Negresses from the deep South, nicely *kohled* and hennaed for the party, the colour in the tattooing of their foreheads and chins freshly renewed. Their dresses, which any palmist at Blackpool would have envied, had been ingeniously made up from feminine odds and ends that had come with what had been sent to clothe the nakedness of the dock labourers. Both girls were probably blushing unseen under the rich gold of their skin at this shameless exposure to a strange male, but Hadef had insisted on the gesture. We held hands, and danced hesitantly to Abdel Wahab on a portable gramophone, while Hadef got sozzled on Anisette he made up on the spot from raw alcohol and a chemical bought at the drugstore.

This was the last I ever saw of him. With the capture of Tunis, Philippeville's importance to us waned, and the base supplies depot was removed. Few ships came into port to be unloaded, but the Arab dock labourers, having tasted of plenty, were not anxious to return to the *colons*. Some of them had managed to put by a little money, and they hung about the port disconsolately in the hope that the blessings of war might in some magic way be renewed. To the outsider it might have looked like a strike, but nothing could have been further from the truth. The fact was that none of this collection of Simple Simons had the faintest idea of organised political action of any kind. In July, the Senegalese, who even in uniform are normally a formal and well-conducted people, broke out of their barracks, seized weapons from the armoury which had mysteriously been left unlocked, and slaughtered every Arab they could find. These happened mostly to be the stubborn hedonists who still mooched about the port area, setting a bad example to the rest. Afterwards the bayonet-rent blazers and morning coats were carefully cleansed of blood, repaired and passed on to close relatives, or, in extremity, sold in the market.

The Arabs who described this massacre to me were slightly surprised that all their women had been spared—a precedent which was ignored by the Foreign Legion in further operations of this kind in 1945, and again in August of this year. Hadef, his widow told me, sorrowfully, had been chased from his taxi up to the top of the low cliff overlooking the port, and there bayoneted and thrown over the edge. The funeral of the victims had provoked a most extraordinary demonstration. Some sudden spontaneous impulse had sent all the women out into the street. In defiance of custom among the Algerian Muslims they had followed the procession to the cemetery, and held up their children-in-arms to see the coffins lowered into the graves. "No such thing had ever been seen before in our country," Hadef's widow assured me, "since the beginning of the world."

NORMAN LEWIS

The Arts and Entertainment

The Kabuki Dancers

THE scene is the Spider's cave. At the back is the dark sky and, sitting, the musicians. In the centre of the stage is the black and gold monster Spider in a box-like cave, crouching behind his web. In the foreground are the warrior chief and his three retainers, who wear enormous black, green and gold costumes that make them look as wide as they are tall, with lank, long, ferocious hair. The Warrior, Lord Raiko, is equally encumbered by great stiff, silken garments of orange, mauve and gold; but like the others he moves easily, with wide steps and gestures. He is suave and proud as an emperor. The Spider breaks through his web and comes down to fight. As he slowly turns, he shows a mane of musty hair that falls in a tail to his ankles; his face is distorted with terrifying black lines and he intones in a deep, huskily angry voice. The Warrior replies in a falsetto chant, after which the fight begins. We know that the malevolent Spider will be killed, but the actions, save for moments of quick sword play, are slow: a quarter turn of the head is significant of fury, and the lift of an arm, emphasised by an unhurried deliberation, is obviously leading up to the climax of death. But when the monster suddenly hurls out a spray of white, entangling threads, that fall over Lord Raiko like silver rain from a firework, there is a shock of doubt and horror. Then the warriors close over the Spider with their curved swords raised, and the spirit of evil dies.

This is the last scene of a story played by the Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians at Covent Garden, where they are giving a three weeks' season. The style of dancing is completely formal, there is never a loose or desultory step; there is never a scuffle to cover the music and get on to the next big effect, such as we are perfectly accustomed to. The lift of the lady's chin can command our attention as much as a couple of pirouettes. Another important difference between the Japanese and Western interpretations of movement is that every line and angle of these Eastern bodies seems to be intimately bound up with their costumes, although they are often enormous sacks of stiff silk, bunching and billowing with a beauty that is quite extraordinary. Like haughty birds, the actors preen and flip their square sleeves, or jump with their trousers ballooning in the air. The effect may be serious or comic. It is very humorous in the story where the country bumpkin seeks a beautiful wife and finds an ugly one. The ugly woman in this case is played with elegant farce by a man, as was for a long time traditional in the Kabuki theatre. (Though it is said that the art was instituted by a renegade priestess, who fell in love and started a troupe of dancing girls to earn her living.)

In the past those actors who took female parts dressed as women and lived secluded, feminine lives, the better to represent them on the stage. But, in this company, actual women are appearing in the serious roles. Tokuho Azuma is the most lovely ghost of a courtesan, dancing beneath a pine tree with her sorrowful lover. The curve of her back makes the long red gown fall like streams of water, while her white face, with the piled up, shining black wig, wavers to and fro, nostalgic and sweet with the pangs of love. Among the men there are also superb performers. Tsurunosuke Bando as a lion and Lord Raiko, Masaya Fujima as the Spider and the country bumpkin both have the masterful versatility that is required by the Kabuki conventions. The music is played on frail flutes, strings and little drums. It is spangled music, with charming tunes and quick rhythms.

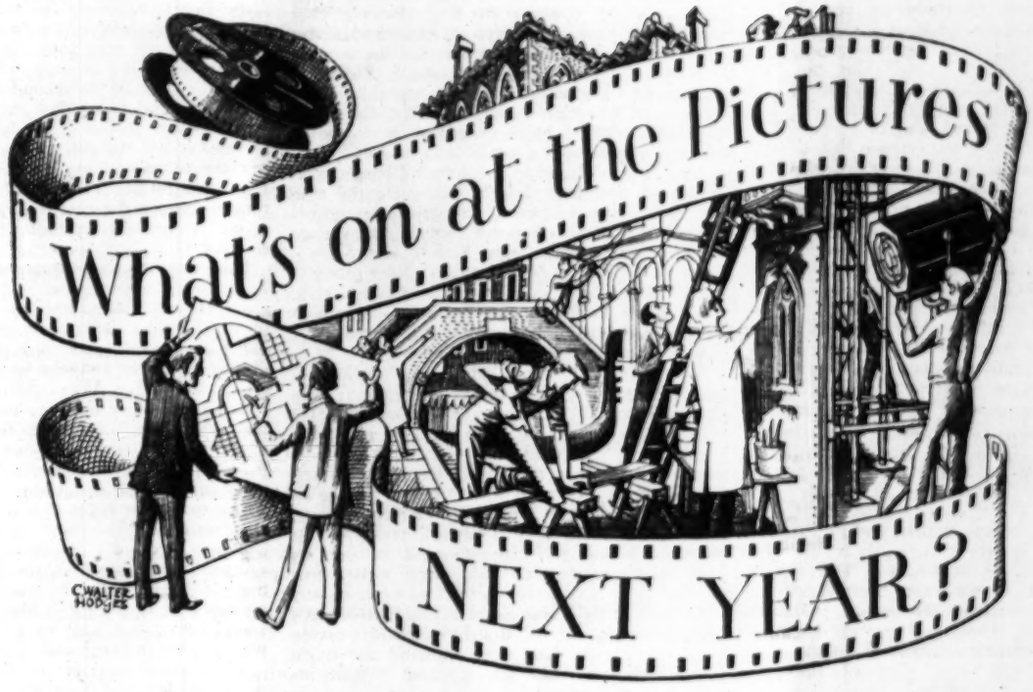
The difficulty of this performance for a Western audience is that it is so slow, at times boring. But the audience must adjust itself to an entirely different tempo of entertainment. Once this is accepted, the drama, the passion and humour expressed by these Japanese artists in exquisitely fastidious sound and gesture is magnificent.

ANNABEL FARJEON

The Missing Magic

MARCEL AYMÉ'S *Clérambard* is certainly a most odd play. It would, I suppose, be absurd to doubt whether it ever could come off, since it held audiences in Paris for more than a year. But at least one may doubt whether it could come off in English, at least in its present form. Indeed, the present production at the Garrick, with Mr. Clive Brook and Miss Mai Zetterling, only goes to confirm a feeling I have expressed before that translation is not what we want for French plays; what we need, if we are to appreciate them, is thoroughgoing adaptation. *Clérambard* is anyhow very extreme.

The Count is a domestic tyrant who, to keep the family place going, forces his wife, mother and son to slave all day at knitting machines making jumpers; a violent as well as a hard man, he thinks nothing of strangling a stray dog which has intruded on to his premises, and it is going to be difficult to persuade him to allow the son to save the family fortunes by marrying the ugly daughter of a local parvenu. But suddenly this expedient is rendered unnecessary. For he receives a visitation from none other than St. Francis and overnight becomes changed. Animals—even spiders—become his brothers and sisters, and he decides that his son shall marry not the parvenu's daughter but the local prostitute. He sells up the house and buys a caravan, and off set this strangely assorted collection in the radiance of conversion.



The industry which does not look ahead has no future, whether it is producing battleships or beer, fabrics — or films.

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Abruptly précised like this, the play may seem silly, but in fact, with its veering between outrageous farce and religious simplicity, it is oddly touching and moving. Or could, one feels, be so.

But it is obviously not the kind of thing which lends itself to conventional English production and conventional English acting. Not that Mr. Clive Brook could be called a conventional actor, except in so far as the present condition of the English Theatre has forced him to be (when it hasn't simply left him, as too often it has, to rust unused. In a properly organised theatre his superb talent would be nurtured and drawn out.) But he doesn't quite succeed, it must be admitted, in carrying off the play in the face of a production which, instead of boldly going all out for the bizarre, tries to tame the play into something conventionally acceptable. But he gets very near, in a performance full of resource and interest. Miss Mai Zetterling is a seductive tart, and Mr. Alec McCowen makes a success of the not very bright son. But what is really missing here is the magic which would make the mystery work, and for that producer and designer must take the blame.

The Old Vic *Julius Caesar*, apart from a brilliant performance from Mr. John Neville as Antony, fails entirely to catch fire. It is a perfectly respectable production in which Mr. Benthall exploits all his characteristic devices to produce dramatic effects which somehow never arrive. Mr. Paul Rogers is, curiously for so good an actor, non-effective as Brutus. The test is after all simple; it is that when Antony delivers over his corpse that fine funeral oration, it should strike us as merited. Delivered over Mr. Rogers's Brutus it sounds merely fulsome. "All the conspirators save only he. . . ." Certainly the conspirators here seem to us an odd job lot, but Brutus as much so as the others, a prosy, self-righteous man. Granted this is an effect not easy to avoid, but coupled with Antony's particularly fine performance, it breaks the play down the middle.

T. C. WORSLEY

A Nordic Elektra

IT was bold of the Stuttgart State Opera to open their two weeks' season at the Royal Festival Hall with Strauss's tragic masterpiece, *Elektra*: and the unconventional choice was justified in a performance of great vitality and beauty. *Elektra* is often given with undue insistence upon its more violent and sensational aspects. That the opera has also a kind of bleak grandeur and contains episodes of surpassing tenderness is easily forgotten; but on Tuesday Ferdinand Leitner, who conducted, and Inge Borkh, who sang the title role, were both concerned to stress the lyrical side of the score. Strauss himself, who once advised conductors to play *Elektra* and *Salome* "as if they were by Mendelssohn: fairy music", would surely have approved the delicate style of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—though at the big emotional climaxes he might well have demanded greater impact and power.

Inge Borkh's London début was a triumph, and deservedly so. The most remarkable feature of this Elektra is that she never screams or lapses into Sprechgesang: she sings the long role from beginning to end with clear, steady, solid tone. Moreover, she gives the impression of being well within her powers, even when obliged to ride an orchestral storm with a high C. Her enunciation of Hofmannsthal's text is always vivid and at moments hauntingly expressive, as in her sly taunt to Clytemnestra, "Bist doch selber eine Göttin!". It is true that her actual vocal quality —which is as light and blond as her hair—hardly suggests to the ear the dourly brooding heroine of Mycenae: she does not command the tragic note which can make the repeated "Agamemnon!" of the opening monologue penetrate the house and chill the hearer's blood, as it did, I recall, in Rose Pauly's great performance before the war. I can easily imagine, for instance, Mme Borkh as Brünnhilde (she has sung Sieglinde at Bayreuth), and Brünnhilde is a long way up the tonal spectrum from Elektra. Yet there can have been few Elektras at any time—and I am sure there are no others now—capable of so consistently satisfying our strictly musical instincts. Mme Borkh delivered the famous A flat major passage which follows the recognition of Orestes in a meltingly pure and sustained legato line, culminating in a gloriously full and round A flat above the stave on the second syllable of the word "Orest!"; and from that moment she had the whole house at her feet. She is a competent actress, and if she does not altogether bring off the strange galumphing Maenad-dance at the end, that is hardly her fault: we have witnessed in our time too much flat-footed Expressionist "dance-mime" to see this episode with Hofmannsthal's eyes.

Kurt Puhlmann's production and Gerd Richter's décor were appropriate and effective enough, given the odd shape and the peculiar problems of the Festival Hall stage; and the rest of the cast had no weak spots, with the partial exception of the somewhat roughly sung Orestes of Alexander Welitsch. Maria Kinas has not all the glowing flexibility of voice required for Chrysothemis's avowal of human feelings in her first scene, but she rose magnificently to the jubilant finale. Res Fischer, though much too grotesquely made up, was a distinguished and subtle Clytemnestra, with low notes of a curiously appropriate cavernous timbre. From the first moment, the audience received a favourable impression of the Stuttgart ensemble from the good singing of the five maids and their Overseer; the relatively important part of the Fifth Maid (who sympathises with Elektra) was sung by Ellinor Junker-Giesen with notable firmness and clarity.

The second and last performance of *Elektra*, this Saturday, is fortunately to be broadcast by the Third Programme. Next week I hope to discuss the Stuttgart productions of *Die Zauberflöte*, *Tristan* and *Fidelio*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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ANTHONY COLLINS guaranteed himself a place amongst the world's foremost two or three Sibelius conductors when the First Symphony was issued in August 1952. The impressive quality of both performance and recording in this issue made each successive step towards completion of the set an eagerly awaited event of primary importance in the gramophone world. Now the set has been completed, and can rank as an achievement of the same stature as the complete set of Vaughan Williams's symphonies made for Decca by SIR ADRIAN BOULT with THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

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Around and About

OF the *Eight Young Contemporaries* at Gimpels only Ralph Brown—and possibly Alan Windsor—deserve to be showing half a dozen works each in a professional gallery. Naturally the others take advantage of the chance offered them, for through no fault of theirs, Star-hunting and Name-building now begin in the First Year life class. But it is a pity nevertheless. The virtual disappearance of the student following the disappearance of the apprentice makes serious art even less likely. I do not want to add to the process by discussing their work publicly, except to say that all of them may develop into artists if they have the financial means and the will to work hard enough.

Alan Windsor paints in bright, acid colours attached to fairly representational drawing. One of his back-stage scenes is somewhat reminiscent of Beckmann—though I only say that to describe it. He jigs with his colour well, but at the moment allows it to supply the strength and vibrancy which his drawing lacks in, for example, the figures of the two dancers or the sandalled foot of the woman in the large interior.

Ralph Brown is showing a life-size pregnant woman, a fairly large mother with a child on her lap and some smaller studies, all cast in plaster. A classic artist in modelling a figure tries to establish the noblest common denominator. Brown does the opposite; it is the particular, the personally asymmetrical, the unique that is sacred to him. His view of life is a poignant one, and although like all true artists he wants to make a statement that can have some general meaning, he realises that one cannot generalise about suffering and intimate emotions as one can about aspirations and ideals. Hence he emphasises the hollow under an ankle, the sag of a back, the contrast between a thin shin and a heavy thigh. Visually, his figures have the harshness evoked by the sight of a tired woman scrubbing a floor on her knees. But their tenderness of motive overrides this harshness—the woman becomes beloved. What

is remarkable about his work formally is that he is able to work each separate part to its most intimate conclusion and yet usually retain the unity of the whole. Occasionally, as in the hands of the mother holding the child or in the folds of the dress (which look like weals) round the thighs of the pregnant woman, a broader more open rhythm is needed, the tension is a little too local, but these shortcomings do not destroy the general impact of the figures. One senses all through her body the anticipation of the pregnant woman with her arms raised nervously to her throat; one knows how the child is taught tenderly and learns ruthlessly on its mother's knee.

In the Leicester Galleries' *Fame and Promise: Part II* the outstanding pictures are a large still life by Matthew Smith, an Essex winter landscape by Claude Rogers and a canvas of magnificent paint-spinning by Jack Yeats. The Smith is a most unusually composed painting, an upended black-purple triangle in the bottom half, which is in fact the side of a radiator, and a receding narrow shelf with a yellow pear on it above. It immediately strikes you, then teases you into trying to compose it differently, and finally convinces you that it has turned the casual corner of a room into a pageant. The Claude Rogers is based on perfect observation, clean colours and humility.

At the Redfern there are some newly discovered drawings by the animal and travel artist William Strutt (1825-1915), which show how even a mediocre artist, having learnt a sensible *system* of drawing, and with an enthusiasm for his subject matter, can produce interesting, informative work. There are also some Cornish landscapes and patterns by Bryan Wynter, and some abstract *mindscape* paintings by the Belgian painter Guillaume Orix. These canvases are original and very attractive in design; their texture is mat and their backgrounds are usually of one colour on which vertical and horizontal torn-paper and strip shapes vibrate, rather like reflections of sunlight shining through deep stained glass on to a wall. Unlike many abstract works, they suggest a very deliberate desire to communicate experience, and, however much one may believe that such highly subjective experiences can only lead to a dead end, it is impossible to deny at the moment their seriousness and their complicated decorative success.

Victor Willing is showing some nudes, portraits, a picture of a racing car, of a monkey on a table, and of a man lolling in a chair and playing with a kitten in a broadcasting studio, at the Hanover Gallery. He is certainly talented. He combines realistic tonal painting with either a colour or subject-matter shock. If he dropped the shock and found a more profound reason for painting a canvas, he would develop his talent. As it is, his work suggests a false glamour rather like that of the worst imitation Hemingway dialogue. A nude on a camp bed: "And I thought she looked good . . . and afterwards I counted the stains on the wall." Their drama is made out of trivialities (the stain on the wall is more convincing than the wall itself), given an edge by a brittle sort of perversion, an insinuation of secret violence. Well-seen individual features —the straight leg of the lying nude, the composition and silhouette of the portrait of the man with cropped hair—make one hope that Willing will soon find a more responsible philosophy.

JOHN BERGER

Frankenstein's Monster

THE approach of commercial TV holds a special threat for those who remember the old Hollywood empire, when American films so ruled the roost that it seemed as if our very language would disappear. It took something like a world war to re-Anglicise our slang.

There are several hundreds of TV stations in the U.S.A., with such an output of material that its top cream would be enough to swamp this country. There have been vague official assurances that this may not happen, but we can never be sure. I derived some comfort the other day from a showing (by courtesy of Messrs. J. Lyons) of a couple of the invaders. This was a preview of some of the commercials' advertising spots, of which all I can say is they were inoffensive. They were punctuated by two films, a *Robin Hood* and an episode from *I Love Lucy*.

These I believe are from two of the most popular series on American TV, and evidently ABC intends to use them in their London programmes. If these were fair specimens, perhaps there is not much to fear. The Robin Hood episode was, I thought, weak. *I Love Lucy*, put to the test of an English audience, went right off the rails. It was an ordinary enough piece of clowning with, one would have guessed, an international appeal on a low level. But it happens that the studio audience is an integral part of the programme, and its reactions were such that the London audience sat through its laughter in embarrassed silence. The timing went significantly wrong. But let us not soothe ourselves into complacency. The threat is still grave.

In a recent programme about Edinburgh *The Critics* had an outburst about documentary, "the dullest form of entertainment ever devised" said one; and another (I believe Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson) "documentary is often so much less true that fiction." Both remarks are in a way truisms: yet I suspect as Englishmen we should be wary of writing off documentary lest we write off part of ourselves. For its style is older than we think. Basically, isn't it linked with the habit of having our feet on the ground even at the highest moments—the abrupt realism of Wellington at Waterloo or of Wren architecture or Elizabethan poetry? My pet symbol is Benjamin Franklin—an English eccentric in spite of happening to live in America—who at the height of the thunderstorm keeps his kite fast to his ball of string.

And surely it is not for nothing that the best days of documentary coincided with the repulse of the first Hollywood invasion?—in the days when Benjamin Britten was writing his first dramatic music in a documentary studio, and W. H. Auden was fitting poetry to film; or in the period that followed when Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat began to link English comedy with documentary realism, and Carol Reed (not a knight then) was at work with Eric Ambler and Peter Ustinov on war documentaries. This was when British film won its first battle of independence. Now on TV screens it will be fighting its second; and perhaps there's a moral.

In recent programmes documentary scored heavily. A *Special Inquiry* on schools (fair to medium), a rather old-fashioned but still effective piece about a glass factory, were conventional documentary. A new magazine feature *Saturday Night Out* was unexpectedly good. The television Brains Trust improved in its second appearance. All these I put in the same broad category. More ambitious was *The Unloved*, a long documentary on delinquent children, which took all sorts of risks and got away with them. I thought it was exceptionally well written by Colin Morris, and the production level-headed. It certainly knocked for six the dramatic programmes we have been offered lately, particularly one Irish and one American play, which seemed to me below all reasonable adult standards.

The Critics had a nice point that documentary thrives best in attack, becoming absurdly pious when it tries to be constructive. Here I suspect is the crux. What we are thinking about is the infernal conflict between our public and our private selves. The story of *The Unloved* is the public solution of the private problem—oddly searching. It can't help but build up a preposterous father figure, an approved schoolmaster who knows all the answers and takes the burden of parental sins on broad shoulders. In one sense it's all wrong, and yet there's something here we

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have to grapple with. The public self and its pompous problems might become a Frankenstein monster or a nice pet electronic brain. But we can't afford to ignore it. We must watch our public selves however much wiser and nicer the private ones may seem.

MONTAGU SLATER

Flashes of Disney

"Lady and the Tramp," at Studio One
"The Woman for Joe," at Warner's

A punishment for film critics might be to send them for so many months or years—according to the offence, a short term for spelling all the names in their articles backwards—to Disneyland. This is the penal settlement recently opened by Mr. Disney. In it his midget fancies realise enormous size and solidity; the warm snow falls round an annihilating Snowwhite who might be fronting a Soviet Exhibition, and the dwarfs, 200 feet high, never stop hopping and singing; there are Aladdin caves filled with juke-boxes that burst into excruciating melody when anyone passes; swimming pools are crowded out with water babies, and the air is thick with love-birds; when a thunderstorm blows up, it lets loose the warbling of 1,000 demented angels; everything in the landscape, trees, towns, cart-horses are edible, guaranteed to sicken: to this inferno—which so far as I know may be exactly the real thing—the culprit would be despatched, there to languish until a proper sense of fun, mystery, beauty, and order had been restored to him.

The new Walt Disney film plunges us straight into these terrors. It is night, Christmas night; it snows, it stereophonically harmonises, it CinemaScopically spreads; no escape from gliding down over a model village very slowly till we float into the lighted window and the quite dreadful company of two Disney newly-weds who have obtained a puppy. Then, still drenched in sherbert and with marzipan in our hair, we attend to the whimsical training of this puppy. It—she—begins to grow up. We are allowed to—a bit—too. If one can get through this initiation, or preferably cut it out by arriving ten minutes late, *Lady and the Tramp* provides some quite brisk entertainment; and by leaving at the right moment, we can even avoid floating away into space.

I won't attempt to convey the story, which is merely a crooner's idyll in terms of dogs. But sometimes, with a touch of the early Disney, this disparity is adroitly seized. There's a very funny scene in a Dog Pound where the prisoners wail "Home Sweet Home" and other comforting ditties, as though they had seen the film and couldn't resist parodying it; especially do I remember, through the bars, the glaucous gaze and resonant melancholy of a Borzoi whose writhing discomfort extends to his very nose tip. Our poor little heroine finds herself in some very odd company, and has to witness a sinuous look-over-the-eye dance by a bitch who really is so, until she is happily rescued. The Rat introduces an electric touch of fear. There are some really pretty night scenes with darkly reflecting pavements and street chases reminiscent of *Odd Man Out* and the like. In fact, during the more humdrum or bonbon passages, I couldn't help returning to the film's moments of explosive laughter, and wishing that Disney had started from these and used all this dogginess to some purpose. An *Odd Dog Out*, or *The Third Dog* with twanging accompaniment, might have brought into play gifts now almost quite buried in the fairyland of success. However, let me add that *Lady and the Tramp* contained far more entertainment and brio than any Disney cartoon for a long while.

The Woman for Joe is an odd parcel to fling into the dry season. It concerns a midget of admirable assurance and dignity who joins a circus and falls in love with the boss's girl, with no possible way out except a drop from the high trapeze. Such a story needs a good deal more resolution and skill than the British makers of it possess. The circus life is the old-fashioned stuff; only the midget is new, and coolly though Jimmy Karoubi plays the part, melodramatic sentiment gets the better of unexpectedness. Diane Cilento does her best to make it seem nicely probable, and braves singing in the lion's den. It could, given strength in the script-writer, have made rather a striking film; and it's something, in these outdoor weeks, to be tickled by possibilities, even though not quite realised.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Buccaneer," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Like the children's paper that provides its field of action, Mr. Sandy Wilson's new musical is "good clean fun," though it is not nearly such fun as *The Boy Friend*. There Mr. Wilson could ransack all the theatrical follies of the Aspirin Age; here he is relying upon his own invention. An old-fashioned editress reluctant to sell out, a ruthless magazine king keen to buy, an amorous millionairess bent on gratifying her son's young tutor, and the son himself, a prodigy of fifteen who wants to turn *The Buccaneer* into "the children's *New Statesman*"—these are the ingredients of Mr. Wilson's plot. Good acting in the Daly's conventional style and a succession of gay and not too exuberant numbers makes this very much an S.W. theatre-goer's evening.

J. R.

Spanning the East

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CHANGING THE BRITISH ASS.

SIR,—By inflection, but not by intention, my dispatch from the British Association, at Bristol, may have seemed critical of the papers presented by Sir Alexander Todd and Professor N. F. Mott. On the contrary, they were admirable presentations of "growing points" in chemistry and physics, and as such fulfilled one of the functions of the B.A.—the appraisal for experts, and, in the language of experts, of developments affecting several branches of science. As such, they were "difficult" for the lay-press and the public, but, to the credit of Sir Alexander Todd and Professor Mott, they did their best to help the journalists and their readers to understand the significance of D.N.A.—deoxyribonucleic acid—and its bearing on life, heredity and the nature of disease. They co-operated in an experiment which I hope will become a regular feature of British Association meetings. At the end of a week's discussions of this vital, but complex, subject they, with Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Dr. Crick and Dr. Wilkins, met the press correspondents and, helpfully, tried to make plain what had, necessarily, in the expert exchanges, been obscure. This innovation is a healthy *rapprochement* between the scientists and the press.

This augurs well for the reforms which are necessary to give the B.A. the "New Look" which it ought to have in the mid-twentieth century. But that can only be achieved if the functions of the British Association are properly defined. It is primarily the meeting-ground of the scientists and the public. When the B.A. was founded 124 years ago, the only platform was the lecture platform itself; today it commands the columns of the mass-circulation press, the radio and the television, with access to tens of millions beyond the 2,980 members (scientists and laymen) who attended the Bristol meeting. Few scientists would nowadays dispute that wider purpose, but most would insist that their legitimate interests should be served as well.

With fond disrespect (from one who has attended every B.A. meeting since 1927) I should describe it as a three-ring circus. In one "ring," like a meeting of The Magic Circle, scientific "conjurors" should edify each other with their latest tricks; this would be, very much, the experts talking to experts, with the press no more than eavesdroppers and with no complaints if they do not understand. In the second ring, there should be joint sessions of the various sections discussing, as in these days of the excessive

specialisation of learned societies there is too little opportunity to do, the inter-relationship of new scientific developments; this would still be on the five-syllable word level, with some duty on the press to make it intelligible. But, finally, there should be The Big Top. Sections should abdicate their century-old autonomy and merge in common discussions of scientific problems which profoundly affect the public. There ought to be a plenary session of this kind each day. That raises my suggestion of a theme for each year's conference within which the proceedings could assume some pattern.

This year there were 340 papers. Some of them were junk and more than half of them could have been omitted. Officials had obviously been scraping the barrel to fill daily programmes of the 14 sections. By accepting the theme, by more joint sessions and by co-operating in The Big Top, sections could save themselves an awful lot of trouble, and the British Association would vest itself with a new authority.

If it doubts its influence, I would recall what happened in the 1930s. Joint sessions were held on the subject of nutrition, with physiologists, farmers and economists co-operating. Boyd Orr, from the platform of the British Association, announced his "Food, Health and Income" findings. Nutrition became a social and political issue, based on scientific facts. The Mixed Commission of the League of Nations ("The Marriage of Health and Agriculture") was set up. By 1939, the facts of nutrition were so soundly based and publicly accepted that rationing had become a virtue and not an imposition. By 1942, Hot Springs accepted the universal truths, and in 1946 the Food and Agriculture Organisation was established, with Boyd Orr as the first Director-General. Science is the social-dynamic of our times; the British Association cannot afford to be static.

RITCHIE CALDER

President of Section X, British Association.

NEW FLUTES OF JADE

SIR,—I am surprised to find in your issue of Sept. 3 Sagittarius's "New Flutes of Jade" which is inspired by a quotation from the *Manchester Guardian's* version of Mao Tse-tung's *Lectures on Literature and Art*, 1942, which says: "Any brand of creative spirit which is not of the masses and of the proletariat . . . should be destroyed." Let me say first that there is, of course, no such statement in the whole *Lecture* which is printed in the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, vol. 3, pp. 869-900 (People's Press, Peking, 1953); and, secondly, that there has been only one lecture on literature and art delivered by Mao Tse-tung in 1942 and ever since, unless further lectures on this subject have been delivered by somebody else *on behalf of* Mao Tse-tung and had the above statement incorporated into these lectures.

"With regard to Chinese and foreign literature and art of the past which we have inherited," the *Lecture* says, "we should avail ourselves of their rich legacy and carry on their fine traditions; our aim for doing so is for the benefit of the people. Nor should we refuse to accept the literary styles and forms of the past." (p. 877, ll. 10-12). This is more emphatically repeated later on: "We decidedly must not refuse to inherit the works and to carry on the traditions of our ancient writers and foreign writers, and to learn and draw lessons from them, even if they were works of feudal or bourgeoisie class." (p. 882, ll. 13-14). On criticism, it says: "In criticism we should tolerate all kinds of different artistic creations, so that they may enjoy free competition." (p. 891, ll. 1-2).

How on earth these statements have become the above quoted *Guardian's* version is anybody's guess. The only sentence in the *Lecture* that could be possibly miscontrued to resemble the *Guardian's* version is the following one: "If the more reactionary the works are, yet the more artistic they appear to be, then they are more harmful to the people, and all the more we should reject them." (p. 891, ll. 11-12). But this does not refer to works of the past, but to the then official line of the Chiang regime. No such phrases as "any brand," "creative spirit," "should be destroyed," ever occur anywhere in the *Lecture*. The Chinese Communists, living in 1942 in villages among poor peasants and not being quite so commercially minded as, say, people living in Manchester, rarely used the word "brand" in their speeches or writings.

It appears that the principles laid down in the *Lecture* have been carried out. Your readers might be interested to know that, for the first time in history, a complete Chinese translation of Shakespeare's work including sonnets was published in eight volumes in Peking last year (the poor translator, Chu Shêng-hao, incidently an old school-mate of mine, died of poverty before he was 30 under the old regime and for nearly 20 years his MSS. had never seen the light). It is now possible to obtain newly printed, cheap editions of annotated, complete works of such T'ang poets like Li Po, Tu Fu and Po Chu-i, photolithographic reproductions of Sung (12th cent.) editions, etc., in London.

Oxford. WU SHIH-CH'ANG

PRIVATE TREATMENT

SIR,—It is just not true that the reason why people seek private treatment is because they think it superior. It is because they wish to be private. The difference is not in the medical or surgical attention, but in the surroundings in which it is received. Some people prefer to be sick out of the public gaze and to sleep a little when the fancy takes them. For these anti-social preferences they pay dearly, and consider it worth while.

Since I contracted polio in 1950 I have spent years in various hospitals. I cannot believe better treatment could have been had than I received under the Health Service, but sometimes the lack of peace nearly drove me to screaming point. There were no "amenity beds" at any of these hospitals, in fact I had never heard of such things until quite recently when there was a question of going into a local hospital. The list was full.

Obviously it would be impossible to build hospitals to ensure privacy for everyone. Most people like company. But for those who don't there should be an alternative. At every hospital I was at, the same surgeons operated on private and National Health patients alike. They were interested in the patients as cases (sometimes they overdid this approach) and this governed the amount of attention each received.

I would have no objection to bringing all specialists under the Health Service. But please leave the chance of privacy to those who desire it. And if they wish to spend their money on this instead of on the Pools or a TV set, I have no objection to that either.

Beausale House, ROSALIND CHALMERS
Warwick.

JOLLY JACK PRIESTLEY

SIR,—The majority of Mr. Priestley's readers, I suspect, are found neither among the fan-mail writers nor among the custard-pie flingers. Neither of these extremists will be able to explain to him why he, while growing jollier every year, finds the smear of "pessimist" clinging to him so easily, nor why the same public that once found his outspokenness exhilarating now finds it depressing. It is not simply, as he seems to suspect, that we have all grown too dim and flabby to respond to a clarion-call any longer; the real reason is that he is firing these days at a totally different target.

Here are four of the more obvious differences:—

1. The enemies he formerly tilted against—poverty, oppression, capitalism—were forces external to us, and we cheered him on. The new ones—apathy, sloppy thinking, love of sensationalism—are a part of ourselves, and we bridle. If we are to be called a pack of miserable sinners, we may as well go revivalist, and have a choir thrown in.

2. The old enemies were overtly inimical to the mass of working people, but now Mr. Priestley is making unkind remarks about the telly, the frig, the dream of a little car, things that seem to them to spell light and hope and liberation. And he hasn't yet proved that they are wrong.

3. The old capitalistic evils were (in Britain, at least) already passing the peak of their power, and there were hundreds of people eager to tell us exactly how to attack and demolish them. But the new industrial revolution about which Mr. Priestley has such grave misgivings is just gathering momentum, and nobody—not even Mr. Priestley—has begun to tell us how, or indeed whether, we ought to try to stop it. Personally, I think the attempt might be cowardly, and would quite certainly be in vain; and if these changes are inevitable, then to decry us for their effects on us is as unhelpful as to jeer at a young man for the break in his voice or an old one for his grey hair. Our attitude should not be to mourn for the ideals of behaviour appropriate to our former estate, but to seek standards that will be dignified and suitable in our new one.

4. Mr. Priestley's old propaganda was economic and democratic in its emphasis, and his new is largely spiritual and aristocratic. It may well be that in the spiritual field it is right to be aristocratic, to affirm that one violinist is worth a thousand listeners, one football-player worth a thousand spectators, and one writer worth a thousand of those who are forgetting how to read. But though it may be true, it is by no means axiomatic; and Mr. Priestley should really not be so surprised to find that it is not popular. It never was. ELAINE MORGAN

Abernant, Aberdare.

SIR,—The tree that never was Jolly Jack Priestley now denies some of its fruits. It comes as a shock to learn that we have been reading the words of a rebel who believes that what is wrong can be put right.

Having absorbed that, it will come as no surprise to readers when we learn that the Anarchists are re-forming with Brothers Muggeridge and Priestley in the lead. Viva! HUGH JENKINS

FEAST OF LANGUAGES

SIR,—Your reviewer was obviously out of his depth in dealing with Hugh MacDiarmid's book which he classifies as a "ragbag of linguistic information, much of it, where I can check on it, inaccurate." One sus-

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pects that his checking must have been a perfunctory operation.

The facts are that (1) in Peru they do say *chau* and that is how they write it, too. (2) In Guatemala they *do* use "vos" in the place where your reviewer's textbook would give him "vosotros," or, as Mr. MacDiarmid says, instead of "tu" which is also second person plural. (3) In Argentina they *do* use "che," which has nothing whatever to do with the Italian connective "that" of which, as your reviewer pontificates, the Spanish spelling is "que." The Argentine uses "che" as a friendly appellation in somewhat the same context as an Englishman might use "chum." For example, "cómo no, che?" Why not, chum?

Mr. MacDiarmid has observed closely at first hand; and the "cultural rock-jumping style" at which your reviewer sneers is surely more aptly to be imputed to your reviewer, who has probably turned up a couple of foreign dictionaries. Latin-American colloquialisms are not to be checked from an armchair as easily as that, and it is an unsafe method by which to attempt a show of erudition. The answers his dictionaries gave him were unchallengeably right and hopelessly wrong. F. B. HILLS

32 St. Michaels Crescent,
Pinner, Middlesex.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. G. S. Fraser's review of my *In Memoriam James Joyce*, waiving the question of whether or not he is right in faulting my use of two Latin-American terms in the last few lines of my poem, may I say that in saying it is a ragbag (a word I use for it myself, and borrowed from Pound who uses it in a similar connection) "of linguistic information, much of it, where I can check on it, inaccurate," Mr. Fraser does not substantiate this finding in any way and I am sure it is grossly exaggerated? A poem of over 6,000 lines should not be subjected to this sort of stricture on the strength of two alleged faults in the last few lines. I have no doubt in a poem of this length I have nodded a few times; I have noticed a few misprints myself and omissions of accents, etc.; but these, even if they are more numerous than I think, and due for the most part (which I deny) to my own carelessness, are far from justifying a presumption of ignorance, and in any case surely Dr. David Daiches is right when he says elsewhere that "they do not affect the quality of the poem."

I have it is true little use for "polite literature," and none whatever for the "pee-talking," the "cut-glass" accent or "cultured" manner Mr. Fraser indulges in, and although I *am* a Communist and not a wearer of "Marxist fancy dress," I cannot allow Mr. Fraser to lecture me on what he regards as my bad manners without observing that any new departure on the part of a man who has done good work in the past (as Mr. Fraser admits I have) ought surely to be treated with a great deal more caution or respect than Mr. Fraser (who is not in the same position) accords to me.

Finally, Mr. Fraser has no right whatever to suggest that I am a self-educated crank (are we not all "self-educated" in so far as we have any real education at all, and "cranks" unless our vitality is too low?) who has "read, and failed to digest, too many stiff books," without giving an instance or two of that "failure to digest." "There is," he says, "no lyric flight, no dramatic concentration"; certainly for the most part there was not supposed to be and Mr. Fraser is evidently condemning me for not writing a very different sort of book than I wanted to. He no doubt "dislikes my philosophy," but not as much as I dislike his, and, incidentally, Scots voices have no monopoly of drabness—if one ever finds them drab at all. But *chacun son goût!*

Brownsbank, HUGH MACDIARMID
By Biggar, Lanarkshire.

DARWIN TO BIKINI

SIR,—The article on "Darwin to Bikini" by C. M. Yonge gives two alternative explanations of the coral atolls in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, Darwin's and Murray's. The crucial fact is that the coral reef builders can live, as Yonge says, "only in warm and so shallow waters." Darwin's theory is that they lived around the thousands of volcanoes which subsequently sank, according to the Funabute boring in 1897, to at least 1,114 feet below the surface and, according to the recent Bikini boring, to over 4,000. Murray's theory was that they never lived in any but warm water and that the deep borings "might well have passed through the mound of coral fragments which litter the submarine slopes of atolls."

If deep subsidence, such as Darwin supposed, is not accepted, then it is necessary to assume either that thousands of volcanoes were all formed at equal heights rising to that level at which coral can grow and not rising above the surface of the sea, or that some cause has brought the volcanoes, originally of unequal height, to the same height. The former alternative is totally improbable. Murray's theory requires that the deep volcanoes gradually rose to the warm water level by the deposition of fine ooze, but how the fine oozes could stand on the volcano tops with a flank at sometimes 80° to the horizon is not explained, neither does the theory explain the lagoons inside the atolls. The evidence is all in favour of Darwin's simple theory. Recently a theory has been made that there was a great flow of lava from under the continent of Gondwanaland (Africa is what remains as the centre) on to the Pacific floor in the region of Polynesia which finally settled down to the present level and originally produced the thousands of volcanoes in Polynesia. This theory is consistent with Darwin's theory. G. F. S. HILLS

ST. PAUL'S

SIR,—The plan to which G. L. W. Mackenzie refers in your issue of September 10 is Wren's plan for London which included the St. Paul's area. Subsequently Wren designed St. Paul's as we know it today and also designed a precinct, or Piazza, for his building. It is this plan to which J. M. Richards referred in his article (see Wren Society: Vol. II, No. 173, Plate 31).

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The West Indian in Britain

The Single Ticket

By dormitory boat to Genoa, third-class to Calais; now as the train pulls into Victoria Station, life begins again for four hundred West Indians. Friends and relatives run alongside the coaches, waving and calling, and as the new arrivals pour out on to the platform, the small group of welfare officers from the L.C.C. and Colonial Office is swamped by the flood. "Where is our baggage?" It will come to-morrow, the day after perhaps. "How do I get to Brixton, to Birmingham?" "My friends are not here. Where can I find a room?" At a lodging house, a hostel, the Salvation Army will help you. "How much is a taxi to Leeds?" Tired and hungry, most of them with only a few pounds to launch themselves in Britain, the new-comers drift away. In an hour, the platform is quiet again. Tomorrow, at the Employment Exchange and on the doorsteps of lodging houses, the search for work and a home will start.

Last year, ten thousand West Indians came to Britain, and even more are arriving this year. Somehow they have raised about a hundred pounds for passage money, saving, borrowing, selling their tools or their furniture, risking every-thing because there is hope here and none at home. These people are not the failures or the workless; few of the fifty thousand Jamaicans who have never had a job can find the money to travel to Britain. These are young workers, most of them between 20 and 35, who have had practical training or secondary education, and at least half of them are skilled tradesmen. They are, in fact, the people that Jamaica and the other islands can least afford to lose, and yet they come in increasing numbers, migrating from Britain's depressed area, just as the young miners drifted to the South during the Thirties.

West Indians have always emigrated in large numbers to find work, to dig the Panama Canal, to Cuba and the United States. But now, in the age of full employment and the Welfare State, the stream has turned towards Britain. The first big group arrived in June, 1948, when the *Empire Windrush* landed 492 West Indians; now there are over 30,000 in this country, or about one-third of Britain's coloured population. The proportion, of course, is tiny: it is less than one in a thousand. But because they are concen-trated in a few areas, especially in London and Birmingham, the West Indians are noticed, and we have the beginnings of a colour problem.

For several reasons, attention has been focused on West Indian immigrants, and the most important of these has been the discredit-able behaviour of many newspapers, which have published sensational stories and exaggerated the extent of the immigration. Few papers have made a serious attempt to explain why West Indians are coming here in increasing numbers, or to show that, for every West Indian, there are eight immigrants from other parts of the Commonwealth. Some popular newspapers, indeed, have so clearly aggravated prejudice that it has become difficult to persuade any coloured person to talk freely to a journalist. In January, for instance, the *Daily Sketch* published a special inquiry into the "Paradise Invasion," which expressed its sympathy with the hardships of West Indians travelling here in winter, yet was full of such phrases as "zoot-suited," "rolling his eyes," and "like cattle, they are now too bewildered. . . ." One report spoke of "duped" men and women who "will join the 10,000 who have had to be helped by the National Assist-ance Board," and an editorial insisted that "too many of them will be doomed to poverty relieved only by the public purse." It is small wonder that a readers' ballot showed 97.6 per cent. against unrestricted entry and 81.3 per cent. in favour of stopping entry altogether. The *Sketch* did not at the same time add that the number of West Indians drawing Assistance is below the national average, and that most of those who apply for it only need help to tide them over until they draw their first wages. It succeeded in creating the impression that a horde of feckless moochers was descending on Britain.

There is, however, another reason why West Indians meet more obvious discrimination than other coloured groups. They have no national standing of their own, no distinctive culture. The Pakistanis, Indians, Malays and, more recently, the West Africans, have countries of their own to which they expect to return. The majority of them are here for a specific purpose, to earn

"Why don't you go back to . . . . . . your own country?"

money or secure a professional or technical qualification, and they do not expect to be fully assimilated. As Mr. Banton has shown in a fascinating study of colour problems in Stepney,* such groups are more easily accepted by the British among whom they live because they accommodate themselves to British customs and social habits, and make no general demand for social equality. The West Indian, on the contrary, regards himself as British, has no cultural tradition distinct from ours, and expects to make this country his home. And just because he feels himself an equal citizen, discrimination seems the sharper and more unjust.

The West Indian, and to a lesser extent the African, thus becomes the main target of colour prejudice. Though slavery, colonialism and now equal citizenship have given him the strongest moral and legal claim to admission by this country, he is the most feared, suspected and resented. Mr. Osborne's recent Immigration Regulation Bill was directed primarily at him; and the rumours about loose sexual behaviour or criminal activities always centre upon the Negro immigrants. Too often Britain's "colour problem" is discussed as if it were simply a matter of the immigrant "behaving himself" according to stereotypes about the Negro. But, as Mr. Banton rightly insists, it is primarily our problem, because "the principal obstacle to assimilation is the attitude of the English towards coloured persons." The problem cannot be understood at all, if it is treated simply as a matter of adjustment between Negro and White working and living together in Britain. It has to be set against the West Indian background of poverty and frustration, for which Britain is just as responsible as if the slums of Kingston were on the Clyde or Tyne.

The plain fact is that after generations of British rule, the Caribbean islands—particularly Jamaica and Barbados—cannot support their present population. Jamaica has 1,400,000 people living in 4,400 square miles; Barbados has 220,000 in 166 square mile, an area the size of the Isle of Wight. In both islands, unemployment is chronic. Jamaica, for example, has no jobs for one worker in five, and many of those who technically have jobs on the land or in the sugar industry are actually under-employed or seasonally without work. Yet the labour force will grow by one-fifth in the next ten years. If 210,000 new jobs could be provided in the next decade, there would still be about 5 per cent. unemployment. And there is no prospect of such an increase, even if Mr. Manley, the Chief Minister, were able to find the £20 millions for capital investment which, he told me recently, he thinks the maximum possible in the next five years. If each new job requires an investment of about £1,000, the most that can be done is to create 20,000 of the 100,000 that are needed by 1960. It is doubtful, moreover, whether much can be done to expand local industry even if the capital were available; the most immediate improvement must be looked for in the modernisation of agriculture and land tenure, the extension of rural credit and technical help to farmers, and the growing of more crops for local consumption.

The stagnation of the Jamaican economy is naturally reflected in social conditions. Here is a telling quotation from a study made last year of begging in Kingston.

> A skilful beggar working four or five hours daily in a good location would obtain considerably more per week than he would receive as a registered pauper getting the average dole of 4s. A wage of 7s a day is considered good pay for a man doing unskilled work. . . .

What of housing? Half of all the houses in Jamaica and 80 per cent. of those in Kingston are dwellings with one room 10 × 15 feet, with an average of 3.8 occupants. A survey made in Kingston four years ago showed that even 10,500 "middle-income" families, earning £300 to £800 a year, shared 7,000 homes, and that 2,000 houses averaged 8.7 occupants. One-third of all the houses in the island are in urgent need of replacement, and 5,000 a year are needed simply to keep pace with the increase in population.

Education? Three-quarters of the children of school age were technically enrolled in 1951—a total of 210,000. But there were only 150,000 actual school places. There is one doctor to every 4,000 people, but the hospitals are appallingly overcrowded, and the mental hospital, denounced as "obsolete, insanitary and dangerous," accommodates more patients that all the general hospitals combined.

This, in a few sentences, explains why able young West Indians prefer to take their chance in Britain than to stay at home, now that the doors are almost closed to entry into the U.S. And it is clear that any restrictions upon migration at this stage would light the fuse to a Caribbean tinder-box. The political shock, bad enough among all the coloured peoples of the Commonwealth, would create an explosion in Jamaica, causing bitter frustration and resentment among the most articulate and ambitious young workers. There is really no answer to the West Indian who asked me: "If you say we cannot come here, and if you will not help us to find work at home, must we rot in silence?" We cannot escape our responsibility just because the Caribbean is far away, and its people are coloured. Jarrow yesterday, Kingston today: the problem and the challenge are the same.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

**The Coloured Quarter.* By M. P. BANTON. *Cape.* 21*s.*

Home from Home

A MEMBER of the Caribbean cricket club leaned through the open window to give the result of the match. A man from Trinidad turned down the volume control on the radiogram so that we could hear what he was saying. The club hadn't won its Yorkshire League game as it usually did. It had drawn. "We usually win," a Jamaican re-emphasised for my benefit.

I put down the *Life*-like magazine, *Our World*, which is produced by American Negroes for Negroes the world over and which demonstrates the positions of power and responsibility held by the Negro in the U.S. It carries numerous photographs showing coloured entertainers being applauded by White people.

"The best way to solve the problem of West Indians in this country," the West Indian girl said, picking up the magazine, "is for the Americans to repeal the McCarran Act. No West Indian would ever come here again."

"You wouldn't mind the colour bar?"

"We would rather have a colour bar, an open colour bar. You know where you are then. Here we are just treated like dirt. In America"—she gestured with the glossy magazine—"our people get better wages, better houses, a better life."

The other West Indians in the room agreed with her. America was the golden land. Like the Welsh and Irish and the other European poor of the past, they saw it as the land of opportunity. It was also nearer home. *Our World* helped, of course. The others weren't as outspoken as this girl; they tended to express their discontent at life in England in abstract terms. But their uneasy agreement with her suggested that she spoke as they felt. She recited to me expressions of colour prejudice in Leeds, among employers, shop stewards and especially among the working-class people whom they expected to treat them as friends. She gave instances of women, invariably mothers, who shouted "beasts" after coloured men in the streets, of men who disliked working alongside skilled West Indians in factories, of landlords who refused accommodation, publicans who refused drinks.

She was unusually articulate and aggressive in her unhappiness. Most of the men were sad, disappointed at the life they had found, unhappy anyway because they were in a strange land and more unhappy than they might otherwise have been because the inhabitants of this strange land were determined to remain foreign. They were all derisive about the Colonial Office, in the first place because it represented Britain, and Britain, who owed the West Indies a living, had failed them, and in the second place because of the Colonial Office's particular inadequacies. To quote one man: "They decide to give a grant to the West Indies. £100,000. What happens? They must set up a committee. The committee must have a secretariat. That costs a lot of money. They must have raw materials. So some man in England gets a contract to supply raw materials. What is left to spend in the West Indies? Perhaps £10,000. Perhaps less. The Colonial Office makes me laugh."

Upstairs in this house there was a large room now being used as a dormitory. The house was owned by a West Indian who had served in the Royal Air Force during the war and who had held a good job as an electrician at a local factory for seven years. The inhabitants of the dormitory were coloured people who had arrived in Leeds during the past few days. When they dismounted from the bus which had carried them from London (the bus being cheaper than the train) they had been met by members of the local Aggrey Society, and brought along to this house or taken to the house of another member of the society with room to spare. This society, the first of its kind in the country, was formed in October, 1954, by White and coloured people in Leeds, and is named after a distinguished African educationalist, one of whose parables is its motto. It reads:

"You can play a tune of sorts on the White Keys and you can play a tune of sorts on the Black Keys, but for harmony you must use both the Black and the White."

The society hears (from various sources, not all of them official) about coloured people leaving London, meets them, fixes them up for a night or so while it looks for more permanent accommodation, and helps them find jobs. After that it tries, as much as a voluntary society can, to help the coloured people when they meet difficulties at work or at home, as they often do.

The places where they live aren't always desirable residences. Council houses are not available. There are districts where it's felt coloured people would lower the tone. By and large, according to the West Indians, it's with other immigrants, Poles, West Africans, Indians or Italians that they are most welcome. The West Indians don't like this. They regard themselves as just as much British as anyone in England. They want to be accepted as such. While they like to be fairly near their fellow West Indians, say in the next street, they don't want to live in the same house.

Difficulties in the factory aren't always the fault of the Englishman, whether employer, shop steward or workman, although it often looks to the West Indian as if a colour bar is operating

against him. The bar is frequently of another kind, a bar of standards, a rejection because of a lack of skill. There have been cases of a West Indian producing genuine documentary evidence to prove that he is a joiner. He is accepted by union and employer. After a while his fellow-joiners will complain that, by their standards, the West Indian is no more than a joiner's labourer and that it is all wrong that he should be receiving their rate of pay. The employer, rather than have his best workers discontented, puts it to the West Indian that by English standards he is only a labourer. If the West Indian objects to the proposed demotion and is asked to leave, he becomes convinced that he is being victimised because of his nationality and colour.

So marked a difference in standards isn't found in many trades and, even where it is, the unions concerned are without exception helpful, even lean over backwards, as far as they can without antagonising their members. It sometimes happens that a West Indian, finding that his trade-certificate isn't as valuable a thing as he once thought, trains himself at night school to improve his skill. It also happens that the West Indian abandons his craft and takes to bus-conducting or navvying or carrying cement-bags around and waits for the day when he can go home. Few of the immigrants arrive as unskilled workers.

The Aggrey Society intervenes in disputes of this kind and also advises the West Indians when, for instance, they suffer accidents or other misfortunes. There is also an International Council. These people try to maintain contact with those doing similar kinds of work in other cities, usually without enough help from the Colonial Office. At one time the situation was better than now. The Colonial Office had an area officer in Liverpool who moved about the North and the Midlands. The office is now closed and the officer, Mr. Charles Owen, now works at the University Settlement in Liverpool, with a smaller province, to the general regret of people elsewhere who valued his advice.

In Liverpool, unlike Leeds and other industrial centres, there is unemployment among West Indians. But there is also considerable unemployment among White people. Liverpool is one of the places which West Indians in Leeds console themselves about. It is, though, always worse somewhere else. In Liverpool, the West Indians tell you, it is worse in London. In Birmingham it is worse in Cardiff. In Cardiff it is worse in Liverpool. This makes them feel happier. Perhaps it also means that it isn't so bad, after all, the place they're in.

In Liverpool certain categories of West Indian workman, like fitters, find work immediately. For others it is more difficult. Mr. Owen finds them generally acceptable to employers. Some he sends on to other cities. Others again are willing to accept jobs long distances out of town which a native wouldn't think worth while. Mr. Owen meets them as the ships dock, interviews them, ensures they have credentials, keeps in touch with employers and, on the whole, finds the situation better than it has been.

Unlike Leeds and Birmingham and the other industrial cities to which the West Indians are now moving, Liverpool has had them for half a century. Some live in council houses and are established members of the community. But here most still tend to live in one section of the town, more quietly than they used to, but the conditions under which they live are often appalling.

One night I went along to the Yorkshire Jazz Club in Leeds with some West Indians who danced with an awesome bonelessness. During the evening a man and his coloured wife went across the road for a drink. "We don't serve coloured people from the Jazz Club here" the manager said. This Jamaican, a young lorry driver, had been born and had spent most of his life in the North of England. He told me he had never struck anything like that before and even this refusal, he recognised, was tied up with the manager's feud with the Jazz Club about the noise the band made. He was quite cheerful about it. A new immigrant might not have been.

Many of the insults they suffer are imagined. Many are not. In either case they become discontented. Their longing for home increases and their original affection for England becomes a hostility which may, one day, as one of them put it, produce some bitter fruit.

W. John Morgan

Brixton Wedding

The guests clustered round the bride and groom as they stood in front of the house in Hayter Street to have their pictures taken. They were a little self-conscious, standing there in the street in the sunshine, dressed in their best, with a group of White people from the council flats opposite watching them. Through an open window upstairs I could hear a gramophone playing "Abide with Me." The photographer, a young Cockney, was trying to get the party to relax. "Let's have some smiles," he said. The grins broadened as he joked. "Are weddings always so solemn in Jamaica?"

The best man, Henry Betts, was worried. He had arranged for a Jamaican to take the wedding photographs, but he had gone off in a huff because he had not been allowed to take pictures inside the Church. And then he had been kept waiting too long while the register was being signed in the vestry. Even the vicar told me afterwards that he had been a little surprised when nearly all the congregation had elected to write their names. He had had to direct them when to kneel and when to stand, but he had been impressed by the party's earnestness. After the service he had asked Henry Betts: "Why do you never come to Church? You are good devout people." Henry told me afterwards that he couldn't tell the vicar that many Jamaicans do not like organised services. "We like our own kind of worship," he said. "Every man and woman can call for a hymn or prayers or preach if they feel like it. We prefer the open air services we have organised beside the Town Hall."

The photographs taken, the party went indoors and upstairs. The bride and groom seated themselves at the head of the table, before the enormous cake made by the stout Mrs. Patter. She had also arranged the seating, given instructions about pouring the wine, and she cut up the cake before it was passed round. One way or another, she bossed the wedding. She is becoming an important person in Brixton, for she bakes a good many cakes for Jamaican weddings—all in her spare time, because she works as a presser in a clothing factory—and she knows how a wedding should be run. She has been baking cakes and bossing weddings most of her life.

The master of ceremonies took over and said a brief prayer. One of my fellow-guests, Ernie Ellis, began to talk to me about housing problems. "I'm going to have another look at the house in Saltoun Street," he said. Ernie owned the house where the wedding took place. "I looked at one in Geneva Road, and it's got dry rot. And there's two more going in Somerleyton Road." Ernie went on to say that some people thought the Whites were moving out of Brixton because the West Indians were moving in. "It's not all like that," he added. "Jamaicans are a gift to house-agents. There's a lot of property round here where the leases are running out and they are getting due for repairs. If you buy a house like that the ground-landlords may let you stay on, but you've got to pay for the repairs. You can only do it if you own four or five houses and charge good rents for the rooms." One landlord—a West Indian—is making a real effort to get the houses into good condition; he has put wash-basins in the rooms, and he is providing a garden for the children to play in. "But there's a lot of Jamaicans who are desperate," Ernie said. "They take a lease cheap, just to get a place of their own, and then they run into trouble."

While I was talking to Ernie, the traditional cake-cutting "auction" had been going on, and a nice little sum had been raised for the bridal couple. For the moment, Benjamin—the groom—was absorbed in watching the young unmarried boy and girl cut the first slices of cake. He listened to "Mother" James, his mother's best friend, promising to be a mother to his wife, and to the speeches of advice and good wishes from the guests. But I had a good idea what was at the back of his mind. Benjamin has plans. He had told me that he wants to leave Brixton. "There are too many Jamaicans here," he said. "Some of them grow rich cheating we." After the wedding he was going back to a small and poorly furnished room, for which he pays two pounds ten a week, coal and gas extra, and the gas cooker is shared with two other families. "I want to buy a house in Hammersmith or Paddington," he told me. "Until I can save enough, I would like to get rooms with the sort of English family I knew when I was here in the R.A.F. Straight good people. They understand you." Benjamin identifies the English with all the virtues. He grumbles against the Jamaican Government because he has had to emigrate to find work: now he wants to settle permanently in Britain.

Daphne sipped her British wine. As a matter of fact, the party was being held in the room she shares with her sister. After everyone had left, she and her sister had to clear up and bring their bed in again. She is only fifteen, and she works in a plastic bag factory for three pounds five a week. Her sister earns nearly twice as much and works shorter hours, finishing blouses, and she has started to buy a sewing machine on instalments. Daphne and her sister were both bridesmaids. They joined in while "Mother" James led the guests in chanting the 23rd Psalm, but both of them were waiting for the dancing to begin.

John Willis cut his side of the cake first, so tradition said he will be the first to marry. But when? He had been in Britain for only two months, and he had found the going hard. "I've got a girl," he told me, "but you have to do things properly, have a cake and dresses and pay for the party." I stood by him while he put the first records on the gramophone for the dancing. "What's the good of talking about weddings," he asked, "when I haven't saved enough for a deposit on a radiogram?"

The bride led the first dance with her husband and then she went away to change. They weren't going away anywhere. It cost too much, and anyway on Monday she had to be back in the hospital scrubbing wards and having trouble with the cook who has a down on coloured ward maids. Benjamin was still talking to me about his dream of new lodgings with an English family. "They won't rough we at all," he said. "Not if we ever find them."

"It was a good wedding," Daphne's sister Mary said as she came back with the bride. I knew that the pound she had put in the "auction" was more than she could afford, and that she would have to make up for it by walking the last mile to work and going without meat with her evening rice for a week or so. "It's the least you can do for a cousin," she said. She looked out at the evening sun shining on the drab Brixton brick. "I wish it was always warm and sunny like this, like Kingston." Then she said: "It's better not to think about Kingston too much."

MERCEDES MACKAY

The Next Stage

As the number of West Indians seeking work and homes in Britain has increased, so there has been some friction and many minor problems. Yet, so far, there is no serious colour problem in this country: even though some of the immigrants are far from happy, and even though many of the White people with whom they work or among whom they live are somewhat suspicious and resentful of the newcomers, there would be no real difficulty in assimilating those who have already arrived. But what is going to happen if the migration continues at the rate of fifteen to twenty thousand a year?

Already there have been demands for restriction. Mr. Osborne's private Bill only gave formal and polite shape to the common remark—"we don't want too many of them, that's all"—and there is little doubt that a steady flow of West Indians over the next two or three years would stimulate pressure for some form of control. Much of this would come, it is true, from people with some degree of racial prejudice. But there are others who, from liberal social motives, believe in limiting the numbers of coloured people coming to this country. They fear that discrimination may slowly come to be an accepted feature of our democracy, and that the position of West Indians here will deteriorate as the White population becomes more colour conscious. There is probably only a small minority which, on moral and political grounds, is ready to stand for unrestricted immigration and complete equality of treatment.

Yet, as a result of my inquiries, I have come to the conclusion that this minority is right about the principle. Like most Socialists, my original answer would have been along the lines of the resolution put before the T.U.C. this year by the Metal Mechanics: accept the present immigrants as equals, but tackle the problem at its source by large-scale help to the Caribbean islands, thus improving their economic conditions and raising their living standards. I now believe that, for a long time at least, such a remedy would not produce results. Short of a serious depression in this country, which would make it impossible for West Indians to find work, I am convinced that we must prepare ourselves either to accept no fewer than 200,000 immigrants in the next ten years—and possibly many more—or to face a political explosion in the Caribbean.

There are two reasons for this belief. First of all, if one puts the capital investment required to create a new job as low as £1,000, to make work for one hundred thousand in the next decade, will cost at least £100 millions—and even then, employment would barely be keeping in step with population increases. Even if the money were available, moreover, it is doubtful whether enough jobs can be created. The Caribbean is not rich enough in raw materials, it is too poor in power resources and too far from markets, to develop really competitive industry. And there is such chronic under-employment in agriculture that even a striking improvement in rural conditions might do little more than take up the slack. Here, indeed, is the second reason for pessimism about the long-term prospects in this region. Even if industry were developed more intensively, and agriculture were to be modernised, the net result may well be to stimulate emigration. For such changes, by increasing productivity, might do little to mop up the surplus of unskilled and rural labour. This, in fact, has been the experience in Puerto Rico. It is not necessarily true that large capital expenditure in the Caribbean would solve the unemployment problem. In the long run the population pressure may be reduced by birth control—a solution to which the islands are turning very slowly and reluctantly—but that provides no answer for the next ten years. For much the same reasons, migration within the Caribbean area, say, to British Honduras and Guiana, is unlikely to offer much relief, tempting though it is to compare the population density in Guiana with that of Barbados. Even if 100,000 Jamaicans were willing to migrate to Guiana, the resettlement problems would be enormous, not only in money terms.

This is, of course, no argument for failing to give substantial economic help to the Caribbean islands: that is essential in any case. But this reasoning does suggest that the West Indian immigration may well be larger and more long-term than most people here had anticipated—and that it is going to demand serious attention, both in Britain and in the West Indies, which are facing the loss of many of their skilled and literate young people.

There are several levels on which this problem has to be tackled. One of the most important is employment. In March this year, Mr. Mapp, Minister of Labour in Barbados, reported after visiting this country that "the main opposition to the employment of West Indian workers comes from the rank-and-file of the trade unions." It is true, and it springs, I think, from three sources. First, the craftsman's conviction that they are not properly trained or skilled—a belief that is often justified but taken as a sign of discrimination by West Indians. Secondly, there is the feeling that West Indians are not union conscious, that they cannot be relied on in a strike and that, in any case, by filtering into such under-manned trades as the bus services, they in fact reduce the men's bargaining power for wages capable of attracting British workers. Thirdly, there is sexual jealousy and suspicion, and in social terms—as the experience with Polish and Italian workers showed—this may be the most decisive in shaping the workers' attitude.

I believe that if the ordinary trade unionist could be persuaded to throw off some of these prejudices, there would be little difficulty in inducing labour-short employers to find room for West Indians. But to make the White worker confident, two things are needed. He must feel that a recurrence of serious unemployment is improbable, and he must be given adequate education—by his union, by the political parties, press and radio—about the cultural background of the immigrants and the reasons why they come. In this the Labour Movement has the most important part to play, but no propaganda can succeed unless the press forswears all forms of xenophobia.

Secondly, there must be proper machinery here for receiving the immigrants, some central bureau with close liaison with the Ministry of Labour, the Assistance Board and other interested public bodies. The present arrangements are so bad that desperately hard work by the officials concerned cannot make up for the deficiencies in organisation. In each area where there is substantial West Indian settlement, moreover, there should be local committees—such as the Aggrey Society in Leeds—which can solve local problems before they become unmanageable and can act as centres for public education.

Across the Atlantic, there should be a parallel organisation, ensuring that potential migrants are properly briefed on conditions here—many of them, for instance, compare Jamaican and British wage-rates without comparing price-levels—and told, to take one example, not to sell their tools to raise passage-money, as replacement in Britain will be very costly. At the moment, emigration is too haphazard, an attempt to escape without weighing all that is involved. If education is needed here in order to permit us to make the necessary social adjustments to this immigration, it is needed just as much to ensure that the West Indian leaving home is equipped to cope with the problems that will face him in Britain. Today, the nature of these problems is often unknown to him when he leaves the Caribbean.

No one will minimise the difficulties that lie ahead if the scale of immigration even approaches my estimate. But the last thing we can afford is panic and hysteria. We undoubtedly face an entirely new situation, one that democracy has not previously had to meet in this country, and one that is complicated both by our lack of experience at home and our wrong imperial experience. For this reason the inquiry just completed by Dr. Clarence Senior on behalf of the Jamaican Government may yet prove to be a landmark in our social history.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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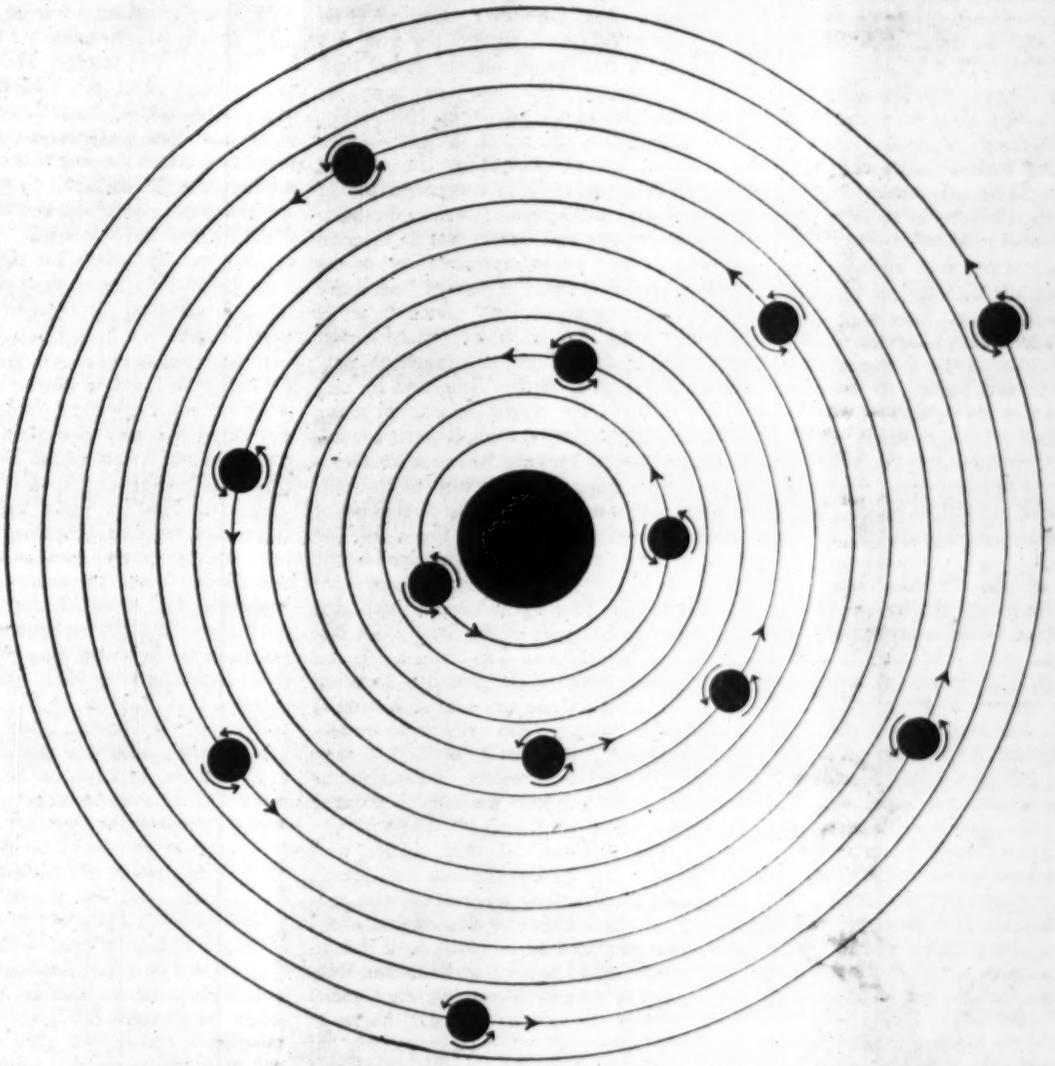

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Guardians

THERE can be few greater dangers to any State than the presence of a class of Platonic Guardians, and there are usually plenty of candidates for the post. Sometimes they are aristocrats, sometimes civil servants, often soldiers, even more often priests. They believe with total sincerity that only they can perceive justice and right; that through them alone the voice of God —or the Dialectic—can speak; or that their code of behaviour alone embodies the essence of traditional virtue. Their own survival and predominance must therefore be an absolute good, to be striven for with unbounded ferocity and guile. History indeed can show no more tragic and terrifying spectacle than that of Guardians fighting for their lives; and none ever fought harder or more successfully than the Prussian Officer Corps*. Until 1918 it preserved its dominance in the State against all the forces which the progressive movements of the nineteenth century could bring against it; even until 1933 it kept its essential integrity; only then did it go down in utter and shameful defeat at the hands of a man who in birth, in position and in ideas embodied everything against which it had battled for so long.

The nature of the Prussian army was governed from the beginning by an intrinsic paradox. Like all pre-revolutionary armed forces it was in essence noble—the nobility indeed being conscripted to its service as brutally as were the service gentry of Peter the Great's Russia; but unlike any other army of the age, it rested on an obligation, intermittent but undeniable, of universal military service. Moreover its relation to the State was entirely peculiar. But for it Prussia would barely have existed. Even more than the famous Prussian bureaucracy, the army was the skeleton which knit together the sprawling and heterogeneous territories of the House of Hohenzollern. It is not surprising that the Prussian should have felt for the army something of the veneration which an Englishman, for similar reasons, feels for the High Court of Parliament.

The standards of the Enlightenment, however, made it clear, in Prussia as well as in England, how absurd was the claim of an institution closely monopolised by nobility and gentry to embody the essence of the nation, and when the first Prussian Liberals set about the reform of the army after Jena they were not concerned solely with military efficiency. It was Scharnhorst's plan to cure the malaise which had affected the State ever since Frederick the Great had turned the army into a body of mercenaries, to "bring the army and the nation into a more intimate union," and for a while he succeeded. The army, backed by Landwehr and Landsturm, had by 1814 as good a claim as its French adversary to constitute the Nation in Arms. But it was a revolutionary situation which only the profound humiliation of defeat could make acceptable to the most conservative monarch and nobility in Europe, and the forty years which followed Scharnhorst's death saw the virtual undoing of his work. The Prussian gentry, watching with horror the growth of democratic and socialist ideas, grew ever more conscious of their duty to close the ranks of the army and to keep it for use against internal rather than foreign enemies. "The army is now our Fatherland," wrote von Roon in 1848, "For there alone have the unclean and violent elements which put everything into turmoil failed to penetrate." This conception of the army as "the real Germany" was to die hard. Eighty years later von Seeckt was to describe the army as the "purest representative" of the State; while for Groener it was its "necessary and characteristic expression." Such an army, with such a role, had in the eyes of its leaders both the right and the duty to struggle not only against the tainting of the Fatherland by corrupting elements, but against the attempt of any other body in the State to bring it under control.

Against this background Bismarck's achievement in reconciling the army with the Liberals by harnessing it to their nationalist foreign policy seems all the more astounding. For a little the paradox was resolved: the army, officered by the nobility and effectively removed from civil control, was none the less universally applauded as the true embodiment of the State. But Bismarck was the only man who could do it; and as the century wore on, the growth of socialism on the one hand and the accession of William II on the other made the gap yawn more broadly than ever before. Alarmed by the first of these developments and encouraged by the second, the army leaders fought hard not only to preserve their influence but to extend it. The authority of the War Minister, the only soldier with obligations under the constitution, was steadily weakened; the Reichstag was treated with contempt; and Chancellors who showed insufficient subservience suffered the humiliations of Hohenlohe or were, like Caprivi and Bethmann-Hollweg, forced to resign. Meanwhile the General Staff, through its military attachés, began to invade the sphere of foreign policy as well, and German diplomats found to their alarm that diplomacy was becoming ever more subordinate to the needs of military planning.

For only in the second place, and largely against their will, were the generals concerned in politics. Their main interest was their profession, and there at least they expected to be left undisturbed. Bismarck complained bitterly of the trouble he experienced in making military leaders understand the hard facts of international affairs, "that we don't live alone in Europe but with three powers who hate and envy us." Von Roon pointed out in return that no army could be expected to regard itself simply as "a lancet for the diplomatic surgeon," and others spoke, less elegantly, of diplomats who "attach themselves to every honourable war like bugs to a bed." Von Moltke put forward the view that the business of statesmen ended when mobilisation began, and began again only when the war ended; and his conduct in 1870 showed that he considered no war to be ended until the soldiers said that it was. But Moltke knew at bottom that there was more to war than the conduct of military operations. His successors —von Schlieffen, von Moltke the younger, Ludendorff—if they thought of political and economic factors at all, considered them to be purely ancillary to the conduct of armies. Von Schlieffen planned for a war on two fronts and left Germany no alternative but to fight the war he planned. The younger Moltke, alarmed at the weakness which the Schlieffen plan risked in the East, insured himself with Austria, and at the same time made world war inevitable, by pledging German support to any adventure she undertook in the Balkans. In July 1914, while Bethmann was urging restraint on the Austrians, Moltke urged them forward. The uncle had claimed for the soldiers the right to say when wars should end: the nephew now arrogated to them, in addition, the right to say when they should begin.

It had taken all the authority of William I and the skill of Bismarck to restrain Moltke in 1870. Against Hindenburg and Ludendorff, William II and Bethmann were powerless. The military leaders would listen to no discussion, about either the conduct of the war or the conditions of peace. Now as never before they knew themselves the true guardians of the national interest; and there were many others who thought the same. The army they led was now a gigantic affair, its officers drawn not only from the Junkers but from the bourgeoisie. Powerful groups in the Reichstag were going even further than Ludendorff in their demands for the annexation of Belgium, of Northern France, of colonies, of the Ukraine. Statesmen like Bethmann might realise that after the initial failure of *Vernichtungsstrategie* the best hope for Germany lay in a compromise peace; profound military thinkers like Delbrück might argue the uselessness of success in the field if there was no political strategy to exploit it; the Guardians knew better, and the people believed them. They established a puppet regime in Poland and destroyed all hope of peace with Tsarist Russia; they insisted on unrestricted submarine warfare, and brought in America to replenish a front where the Western Allies were on the point of exhaustion; and in 1918 they brought crashing in ruins the monarchy which they had so proudly claimed to defend.

That the German army should not have been buried in the ruin it had created, but should have survived for an even more terrible fate, was the work of two men: of Groener, who prevented its immediate dissipation, and of von Seeckt, who not only built it up again as a brilliant professional force but re-established its self-confidence as the "purest representative" of the State. The leaders of the Weimar Republic were too terrified by the threat of Bolshevism to object to the re-establishment of the only force which seemed to guarantee order, and there were few patriotic Germans who objected to the evasion of the terms of Versailles. Within ten years the branch lopped from the German State had grown again, in nearly the identical shape. Military leaders were evading civil control, conducting an independent foreign policy, and making and unmaking Chancellors.

* *The Politics of the Prussian Army:* 1640-1945. By GORDON CRAIG. *Oxford.* 50*s.*

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They tried in vain to get rid of Stresemann; they made and unmade Bruening; they made and unmade von Papen; they made Hitler. At last they had met their match, and the aim of Scharnhorst was completely achieved. Within a few years the army was to be *gleichgeschaltet* with the nation under a single Fuehrer.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has shown us how just was this fate. The Guardian ideal had found perhaps its most noble expression in Groener's aim to set up a government above party, to preserve order and justice and decency against extremists from both sides. Some such Cromwellian rule might indeed have saved Germany during the crisis years. But the Officer Corps, when faced with the moment of truth, would not live up to its ideals. It was not a force above party: it was itself a party of the Right. It had refused to march against Kapp; it was openly sympathetic to the Nazis; and by its inaction on the Night of the Long Knives it made itself the passive accomplice of a regime far more brutal and far more revolutionary than any against which it had fought. No more squalid end could be devised for the great Guardian families, for the von Alvenslebens and the von Mansteins, the von Arnims and the von Leebs, than to become the paladins of such a man as Adolf Hitler.

The last chapter in this tragedy has already been brilliantly recounted in *The Nemesis of Power*, and the earlier ones sketched briefly in English by Dr. Rosinski and in a truncated translation from Walter Goerlitz's work on the *Gross Generalstab*. Professor Craig has now given us a definitive work which covers the whole field in impressive detail and with an awe-inspiring apparatus of scholarship. His book will enable laymen to form a balanced view of the whole controversial subject; and it will do much to console European scholars for the lengthy sojourn of the German army archives in Washington.

MICHAEL HOWARD

The Pig

She loomed up, with a pendulous quiver of teats,
Inquisitive,
Looking over the fence.

And grunted her sludgey grunt,
Snuffled, her dirt-caked, twin-holed sucker snout
in air.

Her little, weak, Albino eyes peered out behind
blonde hairs
And she stood, all plump and plumbed,
On her dainty, divided feet.

Her pink and blonde-haired nakedness was
crumbed with dirt,
And I looked at the cruel tightened tortureness
of her single curl of a tail.

In fact I tried to pity her—
So much walking innocence of meat.

Then she lumbered off,
With that throat-full-of-sludgey grunt
And went and squelched and joyed in a mash
of mud by a trough,
And filled all her nostrils with mire.

I tell you I tried to pity her,
And couldn't, for horror,
This, this Quasimodo,
This pattern of flesh gone wrong.

BURTON GRAINGER

The Jungle

Experiment in Depth: A Study of the Work of Jung, Eliot and Toynbee. By P. W. MARTIN. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

It is impossible nowadays to be fair to Jung. The benefits we owe him are immense and vague; his faults distinct and glaring. He is undoubtedly a sloppy thinker; he ignores his opponents, begs awkward questions and twists his authorities to create supporters. Yet he has not only given us that indispensable kitchen-table of present-day thought, the archetype; he has restored to psychology a sense of the vastness of its subject, a proper respect for the vagaries of the human soul. Can a man be spiritually profound if he is intellectually dishonest? Well-brought-up people find the admission painful, though there are other cases where it presses on them. Perhaps the point is rather: must a psychologist have a sufficiently orderly mind to defend the weak places in his argument? Psychology after all is not an orderly subject. The riches of the mind transcend any possible order, and there is no doubt that the greatest thinkers have often been too methodical to deal with it at all. Even our Uncle Sigmund, whom we all rightly love and revere, took away in the interests of tidiness many toys which we had a perfect right to play with. But it is easier to be fair to *him*; he is dead.

Mr. Martin's book is essentially a summary of Jung's views about the salvation that comes from within. Toynbee is brought in only to give this salvation a political context, and Eliot to provide it with illustrations. Toynbee has suggested that men may resist a Time of Troubles by withdrawing into their own souls and returning with new weapons for the defence of their civilisation. This withdrawal and return Mr. Martin advises us to accomplish according to Jung. We can defend ourselves against projecting our inner conflicts upon the world around us if we understand them. We can make the acquaintance of the Shadow and the Anima in such a way that we shall no longer see them in McCarthy and Rita Hayworth, but accept them as part of ourselves, "thereby," as Mr. Martin puts it, "converting the archetypal horde into a team." This is a perfectly sensible idea, and when he gives his book that peroration which is becoming *de rigueur* in works on every topic from golf to psychical research, prescribing his subject for the diseases of the world, I for one feel less impatient than usual.

Such understanding *is* important. But how is it to be diffused? Mr. Martin believes not only that people can achieve it for themselves, but that in doing so they can add something to the sum of psychological knowledge. His book is designed to help people, preferably working in small groups, who are trying to understand themselves. It gives them their Jungian maps and compasses—introversion and extraversion, balance of functions, personal and collective unconscious—and illustrates the journey freely with accounts of dreams and fantasies, some of them very striking. Nor is the project sensationally conceived. Mr. Martin is quite a sober person; the religious leader of his choice is not Buddha but George Fox. He is full of sound advice about the folly of treating the unconscious as an oracle, and the temptation to Withdraw without Returning.

Where he falls down, not to put too fine a point on it, is in lack of scholarship. A writer who says he wants to interest people of trained intelligence in his subject should not leave so many ambiguous quotations without references, claim Plato as Jung's supporter on a point where he is notoriously an opponent (pp. 21 ff), and be content with secondary sources for all his historical remarks. More serious, however, is the neglect of all psychology except Jung's. The Jungian *dramatis personae*, Anima, Animus and the rest of them, are here accepted as a plain matter of natural history and discussed like a set of people that you might ask to tea. But they are theories; vague, attractive, partial attempts at a convenient

way of dividing up the unknown. People accep ting them as dogma, and working without trained assistance, are not in much danger of advancing the boundaries of psychology, except indeed by serving as an awful warning of the Circular Path. The book, in short, is a convenient summary of its subject and may well be of practical use, but on the intellectual side it suffers like other Jungian works from its author's lack of self-criticism, and indeed of self-knowledge.

MARY SCRUTTON

Bushido

The Way of Deliverance. By S. HANAYAMA. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

This is a conscientious and detailed account of the prison lives of the Japanese condemned to death as War Criminals, by the Buddhist priest who was in attendance on them. One may recognise the interest of the book, and admire the soldierly dignity of the condemned, without at all agreeing with the claims of the author and the dust-cover that "a change, wrought by religion" made them repentant.

No one need deny that the religion they had been brought up in helped them to die with dignity, but there is hardly any evidence that they came to disapprove of war in general or of their own cruel actions. The author ends by saying that you might have expected them to die saying "I will be reincarnated seven times and give all seven lives to my country," but instead "these men left the world not as approvers but as the harshest denouncers of Japanese militarism." This is going very far beyond what he has reported. Kimura (p. 245) actually wrote a poem using the traditional phrase saying he would return seven times; and the fox Doihara wrote one (p. 250) proposing to become a guardian angel of Japan for thousands of years. It is true that they accept the new policy of renouncing war, as they had to do in obedience to the Emperor, but they regard it simply as a more effective policy, and repeatedly say that they hope it will give Japan magical strength since it is inaugurated by using themselves as human sacrifices. If the intention behind the trials was to make the Japanese in general think that cruelty to prisoners of war gets them considered barbarous by the rest of the world, then the trials seem to have been a complete failure. Doihara is particularly good (*e.g.*, p. 134) at making the Americans ridiculous by the saintly impertinence of his gratitude to them for happening to kill him.

Two of them do see the point about barbaric actions, but at least one had seen it before. Matsui, who was commander at the Rape of Nanking, is extremely clear (p. 186—of course when talking to his priest, not to his judges) that he had wept tears of anger before his officers at the time because they had thrown away the Imperial Prestige by allowing this brutality; but they could not see it, and the spirit about such things, he says, had got much worse than he had experienced it in the Russo-Japanese War. This is a settled conviction, not a result of conversion; and when he comes to make a public statement (p. 256) he, too, is master of the game of putting the Americans in the wrong. He accepts death as deserved because so many of his troops got killed, but he hasn't anything to be ashamed of before all creation, or before the Gods and Buddha, and his spirit will continue for all time to guard the great undertaking of Asiatic revival. Tojo, who, as supreme commander, wanted to be the only war criminal, understood the foreign mind about atrocities and recognised the point in a public statement just before his death (p. 200); he said that atrocities were committed by a small part of the military only, but that he accepted responsibility for it, because he had failed "to drive home, in the Army and elsewhere, the traditional benevolence of the Japanese people and the humanity of the Emperor." This would be a very undamaging

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admission for the home public, because presumably he could only "drive it home" by some kind of soul-force; he is clearly only accepting guilt by the standard noble paradox.

Two of the humbler criminals, who were P.O.W. guards, show some interest in the accusations against them (pp. 73 and 92). One says that the Master-Sergeant and the Captain forced the guards to "commit such absurdities" against the prisoners, by piling on regulations, but now these superiors pretend to know nothing. However, this was only at the start; "when he was dying with religious faith attained, he no longer felt any rancour" nor any remorse either. The other writes to the priest that he merely acted like a human being, and ends with a postscript "Would you scold me, who am going to die not admitting I am wrong? Please scold me, who cannot bring myself to believe so." One would like to know what the behaviour was which he thought merely human. The little graceful resistance does not prevent him from dying in the full odour of Buddhist sanctity.

Christianity worked on them in the same way. Nishizawa (p. 107, etc.) had been brought up as a Christian and had served a long time with the Ohmi Brotherhood, before becoming commanding officer of Yokohama P.O.W. Camp; here as elsewhere one would like some evidence of the crimes, as it seems possible that the Americans arrested the wrong man, but we also don't hear of him expressing any interest in the accusations. He writes to his children that they must always study the words of God well; then they will be able to see a glorious Japan. The prisoners commonly assume that this is the main purpose of any religion; a reasonable idea, perhaps, but one should not claim that their religion has converted them from Jingoism.

One must agree, however, that it works out rather differently from Christianity in Europe; the Nazi leaders did not end like this and were not expected to. The chief reason, surely, is that it would mean doing much more violence to themselves, because it would mean blaming their past actions much more severely. In Japan the paradox of Buddhist sentiments in a loyal feudal retainer is somehow accepted and left open, a state of sentiment which gets its highest expression in the Noh plays; it is not "denouncing militarism," it is playing up to the grand tradition of the soldier, to say at the end "Of course, I always knew that life's a dream (and that, while a man is dreaming, he had better do it as hard as he can)." Doihara remarks in a poem (p. 249) that many people had advised him to die splendidly, but he was satisfied merely to die, humbly repeating the name of Buddha. No doubt they had, and he was well aware that he was doing it in much the most splendid way. The calm of such a death is quite genuine, as is the courage required to pull out your bowels and throw them in the face of your opponent; but like that it is intended to be a defeat for your opponent. The American arrangements, expected to give the criminals time to develop genuine remorse, worked out as giving them a splendid stage for a display of Japanese gallantry, even to the fine point of having diaries to print headed "My prison diary, knowing as I do that none may read it." It is very fine to see them dying with such incessant grandeur, in spite of the tantalising delays (as by trying for an appeal to the American Supreme Court) which made the romantic Itagaki, once lord of Singapore, suspect that the Americans were trying to break the pose (p. 242); and it is so fully reported that the state of mind is clearly genuine. But it really ought not to be confused with any change of opinion, at the last hour, due to the influence of a humane religion.

Two people slightly off the line deserve mention. The one voice really against militarism comes in a letter from a mother (p. 44), who says it is entirely her fault that her son became a criminal, because she encouraged him to become a soldier, as he wanted to be, though his father wanted him to become a priest. What we are told of him is extremely pathetic (he found difficulty at the last in becoming a Buddha) but as usual we are not told of his crimes. This is almost the only female voice in the book, and it throws a useful light on the very masculine scene in view. The other is Hirota, the only civilian of the seven major war criminals, who is a slight embarrassment to the author because though even more dignified than the others he refused to play. Tojo is found to say (p. 217) that all seven are Buddhists but only Hirota is a Zen Buddhist, whereas all Hirota was prepared to say to the priest (p. 145) was that he had studied Yung Ming as a child, that is, at Middle School, and in a way it is quite close to Zen. Zen mystics, you understand, are famous for eccentricity, and this allowed the glumly plucky old man, dug out of retirement, to count as even more religious than the soldiers. Indeed Tojo says that he himself couldn't be as rigorous as that, and attain enlightenment by self-power; common clay like his own can only attain it by faith. The faith of Tojo, it seems rather unfair to report, took forms which betray deliberate effort; he told the priest that he was not only sure that Paradise existed, he also believed "we shall be able to communicate with that world in the future through the development of wireless" (p. 207). As long as Tojo was concerned with politics he had a kind of good sense and good will which was completely undisturbed by the immediate certainty of death; but if the priest wanted him to say something about the next world he would tag along, and it couldn't much matter if he made a boss shot. Hirota deserves some admiration in this atmosphere because of his unbreakable and sustained refusal to write any poem; not even a tiny poem, though the cooing voice of the author is telling the others that longer poems are becoming quite fashionable in the prison now. Hirota is the only bit of propaganda which entirely convinces me; and the reason is that he is so very like the corresponding Englishman. His last recorded words are: "No, I haven't written anything. There doesn't seem to be anything to write about. Thank you very much." Well may they revere him as a saint of Zen.

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JONATHAN CAPE

From Proust to Peyrefitte

The Contemporary French Novel. By HENRI PEYRE. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

"I've just been re-reading Proust. He reminds me of Margaret Mitchell. They both have such a wonderful sense of *time*." These gnomic sentences, addressed to me some years back by one of England's queenlier lady novelists, epitomises the delights and dangers of comparative literature. "*Mais j'adore votre Charles Morgan!*" "*Si: traduciamo 'La svegliata di Finnegan.'*" From Poe to Dos Passos, from Mallarmé to Sartre, the buzz of mutual misunderstanding has continued unabated. Superior reviewers, thumbing their pocket dictionaries, may well smirk in triumph: but more important than their pedantic merriment is the cross-fertilisation itself. Even in error it may be productive. As a subject, it has scarcely been studied; and one of the merits of Professor Peyre's new book is its account of the immense impact upon French literature made by American novelists since "*Traduit de l'américain*" became a selling slogan in France.

His own position is characteristic enough. A Parisian, he studied at the Sorbonne and at Cambridge before teaching at Bryn Mawr and Yale, where he is now Sterling Professor. Perhaps rightly, he regards modern American literature "as the more important of the two literatures in the English language": "English literature," he comfortingly adds, "has been so continuously rich for three hundred years or more that the recent eclipse can be counted only temporary." Its last giants, he believes, were Lawrence, Joyce, and Virginia Woolf: the poets of the Thirties "have lately disappointed us": *Four Quartets* "has been ridiculously overpraised." Only Malcolm Lowry and Walter Baxter stand out among the rubble when Professor Peyre is through with it; and in this he faithfully echoes many French critics. Like them, he is inclined to overpraise Steinbeck, Dos Passos, and Dashiel Hammett: but he explains—in part by merely expressing—the French admiration for American vigour and violence. In a revealing footnote, he ably defends *La Putain Respectueuse* against Americans who misunderstand and resent it, pointing out that its true villains are not the avenging Whites, but the prostitute and the innocent Negro, who lack the courage to revolt. He misses, however, the falsity of the play's atmosphere, no more "American" than James Hadley Chase.

The strength and weakness of this mid-Atlantic viewpoint, with its odd double reflection of one literature by another, are further evident in the body of Professor Peyre's book. Much of it was originally delivered in 1944 as the Mary Flexner Lectures at Bryn Mawr; and while it has been brought up to date by re-writing, additional chapters, and a splendidly terse panorama of current French novelists from Samuel Beckett to Françoise Sagan, it still bears most heavily upon the novelists best known in English a few years ago: Martin du Gard, Duhamel, Romains, Radiguet, Proust, Gide, Mauriac, Giono, Saint-Exupéry, Malraux, Sartre, Camus, Simone de Beauvoir. As the author admits, one must ultimately follow one's own judgment: and the omission from this list of Bernanos, Céline, Cocteau, Green, Queneau, and one or two others, was quite deliberate. Nevertheless, Professor Peyre's choice seems to correlate perhaps too closely with overseas valuations. At times this puts him in the awkward position of the *Kunstgeschichtschreiber*, obliged to see merit in those he seems privately to dislike. In a long chapter on François Mauriac, he repeatedly has to stress the worthlessness of so many minor works, the resounding attacks of

Sartre and Camus, and the paradox—in an age of nostalgia for religious faith—presented by "believers nostalgic for the inquietude and the torment of negators." Dealing with Saint-Exupéry, he is faced with a legend and a symbol rather than a major artist: and in a discussion of Jean Giono, he makes so many damaging admissions as to sap one's confidence in Giono's work. Here, too, he has little to say about *Le Hussard sur le toit*—surely a new departure; while his treatment of Sartre and Camus, otherwise alert, omits to mention their political quarrel.

Yet—carping aside—the book remains an astonishing feat, blending as it does such wide and careful scholarship with a judgment, in both languages, that seldom errs. It succeeds magnificently in its aim—"to offer a comprehensive view of the chief novelists and of the main trends of the novel in France since 1930." Like many cosmopolitans, its author writes lucid and confident English whose only alien qualities are precision and polished wit. Nor is he afraid to be epigrammatic: on war, love, existentialism, the cult of adolescence; on the trickery of Jules Romains, on the overpraise of Gide's *Journal*, on current play with the word "organic"; on Malraux and on the necessity of *littérature engagée*. Strangely enough in this connection, he ignores Wyndham Lewis's *The Writer and the Absolute*. Perhaps it is as well: one hardly looks for fiery partisanship in a study of French literature written in English by an expatriate Frenchman addressing the Americans. But now and then, calmly following Professor Peyre's summaries, one longs for the flashes of that gigantic thunderstorm.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Still Expanding Universe

Frontiers of Astronomy. By FRED HOYLE. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

A Brief Text in Astronomy. By W. T. SKILLING and R. S. RICHARDSON. *Chapman & Hall.* 32*s.*

A few years ago the Cambridge mathematician and astronomer, Mr. Fred Hoyle, achieved distinction as a popular expositor of contemporary astronomical thought. His book and broadcast talks on *The Nature of the Universe* reached a wide public, and astronomical talk became a part of fashionable conversation in a manner reminiscent of the Jeans-Eddington epoch of 20 years ago. The sales of the popular writings of Jeans and Eddington reached fabulous proportions. In a series of brilliant expositions they succeeded in making widely known the amazing discoveries of the astronomers on Mount Wilson using the new hundred-inch telescope. The belief that the Universe consisted of the stars of the Milky Way with the earth at the centre of creation was shattered. On the contrary, the Milky Way was revealed as a mere galaxy of ten thousand million stars across which light would take 100,000 years to travel. Beyond this, a million light years away, another huge galaxy, and so on for the hundred million light years which was the limit of penetration of the 100-inch telescope.

Mr. Hoyle enters the arena when a still larger telescope on Mount Palomar has confirmed and extended these discoveries to greater distances, when it seems certain that man will never penetrate to any region of space which does not contain these galaxies of stars, when few seriously doubt the reality of the expansion of the Universe, and when it seems meaningless to ask "what's beyond?" because the answer will always be more stars and more galaxies. He has, therefore, to excite our interest with the details rather than with the purely observational facts, with the birth, evolution and death of the stars and galaxies. In retrospect *The Nature of the Universe* now appears in the light of a preliminary sketch for this far more comprehensive work now

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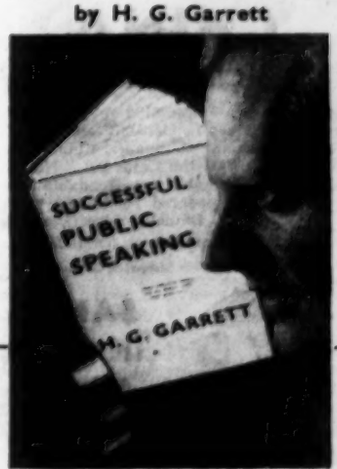

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under review, and those who enjoyed the former will find even greater pleasure in this new work. Similarly, those who were irritated by the former, will find *Frontiers of Astronomy* a far more protracted source of annoyance.

Few will fail to gain pleasure from the ease and dramatic quality of Mr. Hoyle's writing. His own intellectual excitement is conveyed nearly everywhere and it is often difficult to put down the book, especially towards the end where he discusses the large-scale picture of the universe. The impression is one of listening to a series of *colloquia* by Mr. Hoyle, and that is why most scientists who are acquainted with the subject will find the book unsatisfactory. It is so up to date that a good deal of the new work introduced has neither been assimilated nor properly studied by Mr. Hoyle or anyone else. In fact, it seems doubtful if any popular book of this scope has ever been written around so much unpublished material. This is hardly a satisfactory basis from which to write for the layman "the new authoritative picture of the universe of our time," and the publisher's claim that it "relegates to the realms of history every previous popular book on astronomy" is nonsense.

Mr. Hoyle's extravagant use of new and hypothetical material is epitomised in the first chapter where he discusses the reason for the ice ages. The Australian radiophysicist E. G. Bowen is at present working on a new theory of rainfall. He believes that periods of heavy rainfall occur thirty days after the occurrence of intense meteor showers. This intriguing theory is at present hotly disputed, but Mr. Hoyle proceeds by a series of most ingenious arguments to show that the large-scale break-up of comets in the solar system during the last million years might be responsible for the successive ice ages because of the meteoric dust produced.

This is marvellous and stimulating tea-table conversation, but it is very doubtful if Mr. Hoyle could produce half a dozen reputable scientists who could agree both with Bowen's rainfall theory, with the cometary break-up theory and with the subsequent series of arguments. It is true that in this particular case and in a few other cases Mr. Hoyle does refer to other possible explanations. But whenever he himself is certain of the correct explanation then it is laid down most persuasively as dogma, and in this book dogma runs through all the discussion of stellar evolution and much of the discussion of the large-scale creation of the Universe.

Even so, when dogma changes so rapidly as it does in Mr. Hoyle's fertile brain, one wonders what the layman will make of the "authoritative pictures" presented by scientists. For example, in *The Nature of the Universe* we were told that the sun was originally a member of a double star system, that its companion suffered a supernova explosion, and that the earth and the planets were condensations from some of the remains of the explosion. Double star systems are very common and hence Mr. Hoyle concluded that there were a million similar planetary systems in the Milky Way alone and that life as we know it was highly probable elsewhere in the Universe. Unfortunately there is a well-known difficulty concerning the distribution of angular momentum which faces any theory of the origin of the solar system, and it seems that Mr. Hoyle no longer feels able to disregard this difficulty. In any case the double star theory receives scant attention in the new work. True, the earth still comes as the result of a supernova explosion and this is even more likely to occur, so that Mr. Hoyle now informs us that there must be not merely a million but one hundred thousand million planetary systems similar to our own in the Milky Way alone.

In his previous work Mr. Hoyle drew most fire for his theory of continuous creation and the steady state universe. *Frontiers of Astronomy* reaches its climax with a return to this discussion in which the steady state theory is contrasted with the superdense theory. The galactic systems which comprise the universe are receding from one another at phenomenal speeds. According to the superdense theory it is only necessary to extrapolate backwards in time—to reverse the motion of the galaxies—to arrive at the time of seven thousand million years ago when all the galaxies must have been jammed on top of one another and the density of matter was infinitely high. The adherents of this theory would hold that this was the condition and the time when the universe was created. The continuous creation view attempts to evade the many physical and philosophical difficulties of the superdense theory by postulating that the average density of matter in the universe has been, and will be, the same at all times. The present and the future is just as good for the condensation of galaxies and stars from the primeval atoms as the past was, and hence galaxies have formed not only in the past but are forming at present and will go on forming in the future. Thus, although at any epoch the Universe appears to be bursting apart, in fact new galactic systems are always being formed to take the place of those moving forever from our field of view. Any query about the beginning and end of the Universe is then meaningless, for the reason that the universe did not have a beginning and will not have an end: "Every cluster of galaxies, every star, every atom had a beginning, but not the Universe itself."

There are over fifty plates in the book, most of them superb illustrations of stars and galaxies, photographed with the American telescopes. Apart from their intrinsic beauty they will serve to remind the reader of the reality and grandeur of the Universe of which *Frontiers of Astronomy* is one man's interpretation. The *Brief Text in Astronomy* by Skilling and Richardson contains all that Mr. Hoyle's book does not. It is a most handsomely produced and illustrated book which sets out with extreme clarity most of the fundamental facts which astronomers generally would claim as the extent of our certain knowledge of the solar system and the universe.

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Festive Papua. By ANDRÉ DUPEYRAT. *Staples.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Matto Grosso Adventure. By RAYMOND MAUFRAIS. *William Kimber.* 16*s.*

In Search of Inca Gold. By ANTHONY PHAIR. *Burke.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Leopards in the Night. By GUY MULDOON. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

In the days of the Fishing Fleet (that great yearly trawl of British maidens which set out after the monsoon to catch husbands in India) there were listed in the library of a club in Bombay Province: Travel & Adventure, 632 Titles; Novels, 18 Titles. This was a fair assessment of parochial interests; for all those T & A books were written by dotty Englishmen on shikari, or botanising after azaleas, who might well have been discovered in their dozens presenting another bunch of sambhur heads to the Poona Club.

But where are their modern counterparts? French and German ethnologists and missionaries are thick on the ground, Norwegians and Swedes swarm in the seas. But ever since Mr. Peter Fleming hung up his portable and took to soldiering there has been a sad shortage of dramatic travel and travel tales by Englishmen. The Amazon jungles should be full of young men on leave from the Services, or just sent down disgracefully from a University, bush-shirted, growing a fine auburn beard, toting a 9.55 Mannlicher, trepanning the natives with a Wilkinson razor, getting hideously tight on *laku*, or *suku* or *'mpopi* or whatever the local "curiously potent spirit distilled from yams" happens to be.

Father Dupeyrat's new book is a fascinating description of the preparations for and the final wild ceremonies of the *Gabé*, a Papuan feast and dance. This is some party. Each tribe throws a *Gabé* only once every twenty years or so; and practically ruins itself in doing it. Even the guests have a tough time, especially the men, who have to prepare by months of fasting and chastity for the four or five days of riotous dancing and the big pig feast which brings the *Gabé* to a finish. One of the Papuans says:

> We forget to go to prayer because that does not help to fatten the pigs! To make themselves elegant, the men fast, undermine their health, and often die as a result of the festival. No matter! The women go off with strangers, homes are destroyed, and in consequence there are murders and wars! Yet even that does not matter! The pig is the thing, and the splendour of the dance. . . .

It is a book written with great charm, and obviously well translated by Erik de Mauny (who, happily, leaves in "Each man, still clutching the beloved vegetable to his breast, rushes at top speed towards his young assistant, who waits like the goalkeeper in a rugby match").

Raymond Maufrais was the young Frenchman who disappeared while on a lone exploration of the Brazil and French Guiana borders five years ago. The manuscript found with his abandoned equipment was that strange and moving book published over here as *Journey Without Return*. This second book is a commentary he wrote on his first expedition as a lad of twenty in the same part of the world. It is written with a gay delight, a youthful inquisitiveness, in and about his fellow travellers and their often sordid and always risky travelling. They spent some time living with the Karaja Indians. Among other things he makes it obvious that their sexual habits are different from ours. For example, men who have been cuckolded,

> to save their honour insist upon taking the wife of the culprit as compensation for the rape of their own wife. In this case the two women quickly come to terms, and the arrangement is usually the prelude to a sincere and long-lasting friendship.

As with the Papuans, the Indian bachelors have a rigorous series of purification rites before a big

dance festival. It is amazing to discover what a sissy affair a Hunt Ball really is.

Mr. Phair travelled dangerously, among the Amazon headwaters in search of the Inca gold. "The treasure of the Incas exists, and is waiting to be found," he writes. And I feel certain it does. But any expedition to find it will have to be mounted with efficiency. Both he and M. Maufrais shock by their haphazard methods of picking up a revolver here, some mepacrine there, a roll of sticking plaster and let's hope for the best.

Leopards in the Night is another book in the Corbett tradition; and excellent reading they always seem to make. The author is an Agricultural Officer in Northern Nyasaland. On behalf of all the natives living in the area he gets up at any time of the day or night and goes off with his admirable servants Tribe and Akin to shoot marauding lions, leopards and anything else that turns up.

"We hear them talking, Bwana."

"Talking? "

"Yes, Bwana. They look like lions but they are not really lions."

I told him not to be silly, but he kept on.

"Bullets do not stop these things. I have seen people shoot at them. The bullets turn to water."

I patted the breach of my rifle. "Not these bullets. . . ."

Hurray for Mr. Muldoon.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

Happy Families

Dates and Parties. By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Overdraft on Glory. By JAMES HELVICK. *Boardman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Stepmother. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Genevieve. By JAMES DILLON WHITE. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Backing Up Billy Bunter. By FRANK RICHARDS. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"England," wrote George Orwell in 1940,

> is not the jewelled isle of Shakespeare's much-quoted passage, nor is it the inferno depicted by Dr. Goebbels. More than either it resembles a family with not many black sheep in it but with all its cupboards bursting with skeletons. . . . It has its private language and its common memories, and at the approach of an enemy it closes its ranks.

The great merit of these five books is that, taken together, they provide as good a family Babel as the curious foreigner could desire. Here is the tribal council in full spate, tossing its fierce shibboleths to and fro across the Anglo-Saxon camp-fire. The roast beef crackles on the spit, the drinking-horns of mild and bitter circulate ponderously from hand to hand; amid the hubbub of voices—Cockney, Liverpudlian, Earl's Court, Home Counties, the sniff of Brighton landladies, the porty ring of the Marlborough Club, the shrill pipe of No. 4 Study—a clutch of aphorisms can be distinguished:

"What a pity psychologists can't talk English, poor monkeys without a language."

"Any child can understand Eyre Crowe."

"Lying is lying, whatever name you call it by; and it's one of the meanest things a fellow can do."

"I don't mean you're not a good secretary—you're the best I've ever had. But then I'd rather have you as something else—someone I can talk to. One can't work the two things together—not in my position."

"I suppose war and so on is worse for queers than others. Very virile men and very feminine women enjoy it, but it's hell for other people, and queers are ultra-other."

Inevitably, Mr. Christopher Sykes has the place of honour in this Witenagemot. Both he and his characters are far more self-consciously English than any of the others and his novel is directly concerned with a crisis in national morale. The setting is the Britain of 1938—the period stigmatised by Sir Robert Boothby as the Age of Political Pygmies. The true-blue appeasers are dining in Mayfair; the pink appeasers are drinking beer in the Café Royal. James Vyvyan, the hero, a misunderstood charmer unjustly suspected of fortune-hunting, finds himself cold-shouldered by his own set and wooed by an organisation called the Disarmament Pledge Group whose leader is anxious to get his hands on James's money for campaign purposes. A feud with an absurdly caddish scientist puts James back in the right set and the book ends with the British family decks cleared for action. As Sir Joseph remarks in *Put Out More Flags*—a novel of which this book is in some ways a pale simulacrum—"There's a new spirit abroad—I see it on every side."

If Mr. Sykes was only half as good a novelist as he is a biographer, this book might have been an incisive social satire. Unfortunately, he has few of the qualities necessary for a novelist. He cannot construct, he has the thinnest idea of fictional characterisation and he is quite unable to tell a story. (His biographical studies, excellent as they are, are generally memoirs or "characters" rather than straightforward lives.) What is stranger, his book lacks the ironic truth-to-life essential in an entertainment of this kind. As a socio-political satire, it fails, I think, largely because the writer is uncertain of the tone that he is attempting to set. His novel seems based more upon the short stories of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse than upon Disraeli and, inded, this is the feeling that I have about all Mr. Sykes's imaginative writing. Either he doesn't know the world he purports to describe—and this is surely incredible—or he finds it so mirthless and uninspiring that he feels he must ginger it up with antics and bad manners. All the faults of this book—the long, pointless conversations, the lack of any shape or pattern, the nagging irrelevancies, the consistent boredom of the characters, the jerky attempts to get up speed or sketch out a plot—all this is extraordinary in a writer of Mr. Sykes's experience and sensitivity. It can, I think, only be ascribed to a defect that he shares with the majority of contemporary English novelists—a lack of creative energy.

No one could accuse the author of *Overdraft on Glory* of such a deficiency. It is, I believe, no secret that "James Helvick" masks the formidable identity of Mr. Claude Cockburn, whose bren-gun bursts of memory have so enlivened the new *Punch*. Mr. Cockburn never sparkled better than in this tale of an aeronautical pioneer of the 1900s. Grant Foraker is a card of cards, an Arnold Bennett creation, with a dash of Kipps's friend, Chitterlow, thrown in. From the moment the narrator hears him hollaring down the telephone through the wall of a Marseilles hotel: ("Ner coupay par! Operator! Ner coupay par, for God's sake! ") we follow breathlessly in his tragi-comic wake. At a surface level, this novel is a comedy with a desperate ending, a kind of *Gatsby* on ice. Mr. Cockburn has a proper sense of the foul dust that floats in tycoons' dreams and his book has its sombre moments. But, as I have said, what we are chiefly grateful for is his abundant, tearing energy—energy of wit and *panache* in the writing, energy of incident and invention. "The chief thing yesterday," Arnold Bennett wrote in his *Journal*, "was that I began on my novel about the French cocotte with gusto." Mr. Cockburn has begun and carried through with his aeronaut in just that way.

Mr. R. C. Hutchinson has written *The Stepmother* with his usual craftsmanship, but I cannot feel that it will add greatly to his reputation. This tale of a lonely Foreign Office spokesman, his maladjusted son and his cloyingly understanding second wife is conscientiously—some might say, temperately—written. It moves slowly with a kind of heavy, syrupy integrity to a climax that the reader has foreseen for more than a hundred pages. The Possessive Mum is one of the best-known skeletons in the English family cupboard and Mr. Hutchinson deceives himself if he imagines that he is springing any surprise on us by exhibiting her as a sinister novelty.

Of the assorted rear, I can only say that Mr. Dillon White's "book of the film" (wonderful

Hutchinson's

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Ready September 19

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transposition!) reads very flatly without Mr. Larry Adler's harmonica and that Mr. Frank Richards's 15th Bunter saga proves that the heart of the Greyfriars Remove still beats just where it did when the ink-stained helots of my generation devoured the *Magnet* 20 years ago.

JOHN RAYMOND

Scots Colliers

A History of the Scottish Miners. By R. PAGE ARNOT. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

In the West Lothians sixty years ago, when I was a bairn, my nurse would take me for reluctant walks along lanes that wound between old coal bings. Occasionally we would see, approaching us, a group of squat men with blackened faces. Off the road, through the hedge to the security of a field, we would scurry. "They're yon awfu' colliers," my nurse would say: "if they catch you, they'll hauk you doon the pit." She was, I now suspect, concerned less for the safety of her charge than for her own frail virginity; but she was typical of the non-mining community in her terror of the pitmen—savage, dangerous folk, worse even than the lawless "tinklers." And she may not have been wholly foolish in her fears. After all, those colliers had just fought, and lost, the great strike of 1894 against wage-cuts—a bitter struggle in which police brutality had reinforced the argument of empty bellies—and had been forced back to work on earnings of 17s. a week. Many of their fathers and mothers had begun work underground—12 hours a day carrying coal in creels on their backs—when they were six or seven years old. And the grandfathers of some of the older men had been slaves: not until 1799 was the legal serfdom of Scottish colliers and their families, which the Act of 1606 established, finally abolished; and emancipation still meant subjection to the Combination Laws, the desperate strikes of the Forties, and the struggles of the early unions to secure the barest minimum of safety regulations. Housed, even in my childhood, under conditions which plantation-owners would have condemned for their Negroes, the Lothian colliers of sixty years ago had no call to be gentle in their ways.

In two generations a revolution has been accomplished. Today, the Scots miners, organised in the Scottish Area of the N.U.M., are socially, educationally and politically the élite of Scottish labour. Under a succession of remarkable leaders —Alexander McDonald, Keir Hardie, Robert Smillie and, now, Abe Moffat—they have won, with their comrades in the English and Welsh coalfields, the long war for decent conditions and respected status. The story of that industrial war—and, until 1945, there were more lost battles than victories—is told admirably by Mr. Page Arnot in a book which well deserves a place on the shelf beside the two volumes he has already published on the history of British miners.

The author, of course, is writing history from the angle of trade union organisation; and the periods of crisis in Scotland—the Minimum Wage strike of 1912, and the great lock-outs of 1921 and 1926—form part only of the larger struggle of the M.F.G.B. Yet coal-mining in Scotland has had its peculiar characteristics—an ownership, in old days, outstandingly ruthless; a black record of disasters, from the Blantyre calamity in 1877 to the heroic story of the mossdisaster at Knockshinnoch, five years ago; the appalling "miners' rows" of single-ended and "but and ben" houses; and the special problem of Lanarkshire and its dying pits. With all these issues Mr. Page Arnot deals with brevity and a commendable lack of emotionalism. Personally I should have welcomed a fuller treatment of the social problems involved in the great post-war migration from Lanarkshire to the new sinkings in Fife and elsewhere; but this would perhaps have taken Mr. Arnot beyond his self-imposed terms of reference.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Shorter Reviews

The Hungry Sheep. By SIR DAVID KELLY. *Hollis & Carter.* 18*s.*

The publishers claim that this book expresses "what many people are thinking." If this is true, then the New Obscurantism has progressed further than we thought. Sir David's analysis of the ills of our time does not, as we might have expected, simply take a few pot shots at the Welfare State; he is gunning for bigger game—democracy itself. He dislikes what he calls "crowd civilisation," and blames "democratic opinion" for both world wars. Foreign policy should be conducted by the well-informed few behind a curtain of secrecy (as, presumably, at Yalta). The British parliamentary system is breaking down; it is therefore absurd to attempt to export it to the African colonies, whose inhabitants have "less in common with the modern British than the British have with their primitive predecessors who built Stonehenge," and who have, moreover, "filthy moral customs" and "degenerate religions." No, instead, we should follow the splendid example of the Belgians in the Congo, where politics are forbidden; or, better still, that of the Portuguese in Angola (where, as Mr. Basil Davidson revealed in this journal, a fully developed slave-system still exists). There is a great deal more on these lines, together with a huge bibliography, whose sole *raison d'être* appears to be to prove that Sir David has read all the right books. Doubtless, retired ambassadors are entitled to express their views, however absurd; but it does seem odd that the Government should appoint as Chairman of the British Council a man who has clearly so little sympathy for the British way of life

Darwin Revalued. By SIR ARTHUR KEITH. *Watts.* 25*s.*

This pleasant book about Darwin is in no sense a revaluation, despite its title. It is a domestic history, illustrated by his own and his wife's letters: the first half is chronologically arranged, the facts jostling each other with all the unconcern of things in daily life, while the second half briefly summarises such matters as Darwin's health, his attitude to religion, and the details of his financial affairs. One must be an old friend of Darwin's to enjoy this ramble through his life, since the large events in his career, and the conclusions he reached in his work, are taken for granted and mentioned only in passing. Instead we see Darwin as if we ourselves were one of the family: Darwin going to Stonehenge to investigate the action of worms there (but the worms had been idle and had left the stones unburied); Darwin feeling ill, feeling better, taking the water-cure, worrying about congenital melancholia; Darwin writing and rewriting his books, enjoying his family, pegging away at his barnacles or seeing how the cotyledons of the red cabbage move as they grow. How Darwin worked, despite his morbid illness! He hated being idle, and his mind was always putting the world in order; indeed, as he told Galton, he had no special talents "except for business as evinced by keeping accounts, replies to correspondence, and investing money very well. Very methodical in all my habits." He was as meticulous with facts as he was with money, being unable to leave a fact alone till he had accounted for it; and, as money breeds money, so in his mind fact led on to fact till his theories were balanced. He died leaving £282,000.

Morals without Religion, and other Essays. By MARGARET KNIGHT. *Dobson.* 6*s.*

Here is the text of Mrs. Knight's broadcasts, which aroused a brief uproar in certain religious and journalistic circles last January. She adds some background comment, and four slight essays on the problem of evil, telepathy, intuition, and the misuse of statistics. It is unfortunate that the Scientific Humanists and the orthodox Christians cannot achieve greater community of language. Their practice surely differs little, for Mrs. Knight's sensible advice on the upbringing of children is mostly acceptable to both parties. She assumes that religious language is always used by believers in its most literal sense, and ignores the philosophical and emotional overtones it has always carried and the criticism it

has received in every century from religious people themselves. The vehemence of the opposition she aroused might have warned her, as a psychologist, that she was dealing not merely with intellectual ideas but with subconscious loyalties and motivations. She now hedges a little: her quarrel, she says, is not with the idea of a world-soul, but with "anthropomorphic monarchical theism," and (rather surprisingly) she thinks that mystical experience may provide an answer to the problem of evil.

However, the eminent clerics who complacently said "We have heard all this before" are living in a fool's paradise. Mrs. Knight cannot be brushed aside as easily as that! To achieve a common language for sensible people of goodwill, or at least a sympathetic understanding and co-operation between them, will require concessions from the religious side, for much religious language, if taken literally, is out of date.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet. By MARY CLARKE. *Black.* 21*s.*

The Sadler's Wells Ballet company had a hard beginning. In the early 1930s there was no money, no audience and no national tradition of teaching. A select public was left with memories of Diaghileff's fabulous achievement, but these people were often the most snobbish and unwilling to support the necessarily weaker efforts of the new company, run by an Irishwoman who called herself Ninette de Valois. Certainly it was backed by the giant determination of Lilian Baylis, but at the start money to stage the ballets was provided from profits de Valois had made out of her Academy of Choreographic Art. Mary Clarke's history and appreciation of the company describes the early struggles in detail, with analyses of those three leaders who have formed its character: Ninette de Valois, Constant Lambert and Frederick Ashton.

These studies are discreet, yet always astute. It is when the position of the company becomes assured that the writing is too much taken up with detailed descriptions of ballets and the theatres in which they were performed. Miss Clarke is a sound and solid historian; but as the story comes nearer the present time it obviously grows difficult to tell. There are so many considerations of private and public policy in the enormous, dollar-earning organisation which Sadler's Wells has become to allow of interesting revelations. The book is rightly dominated by the personality of Dame Ninette de Valois who, in 25 years, has founded a national company of international fame. The energy, the attack and the intelligence she can bring to bear on the work are prodigious, and matched by the energy, attack and intelligence with which she can dismiss superfluous or unwelcome matters. This is part of her genius as a leader which, with her vision of the future, has led the company to such heights.

Fitz: the Story of Sir Percy FitzPatrick. By J. P. R. WALLIS. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

"'Look here, Fitz, I know you well enough,' said Smuts when FitzPatrick came to discuss a strike, 'You didn't come here to talk. You have a programme and want something from the Government. Just tell us what it is.' In this crisp style matters were swiftly settled." This is imperial history as it should be, and a rattling good yarn it makes. FitzPatrick, having failed for the Bar, left a bank-clerk's cage to seek his fortune in the veldt. He became manager of one of the most powerful Uitlander mining concerns in the Transvaal. He took part in public affairs to fight the overweening power of the Boers, and was closely concerned in the Jameson Raid. After the war he was elected to the National Convention, and fought hard for the Union Settlement. He resigned from business, and had the triumph of beating Botha for election to the first Union parliament. Gradually he withdrew from politics, and set about ambitious land-settlement schemes, with diminished fortunes but unshaken determination. He was an apostle of Empire, and the originator of the two-minute Armistice silence. When a Catholic bishop reproached him for neglecting the observances of his religion, FitzPatrick told him directly that he would suffer no interference in what concerned him alone.

This is what Mr. Wallis calls "right Fitzism." The phrase implies immense energy and optimistic thrustfulness (despite the constant drain of ill-health); it also implies the boyish romance of his *Jock of the Bushveldt*, dedicated to the "Likkle Folk." And it implies a limited degree of material success only, coupled with a dogged determination to be friends with the world and to refuse to admit defeat. Mr. Wallis assumes that this is all perfectly straightforward. His narrative makes no attempt to delve into the complexities of politics or of character. It is closely based on personal papers, and is thus both ill-proportioned and vivid; its enthusiasm is incoherent but intriguing.

Among the latest Penguins are *Dryden*, a selection by Douglas Grant (3*s.* 6*d.*) and new translations of Maupassant's *Mountain Inn and other stories* (by H. N. P. Sloman, 2*s.* 6*d.*) and Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (by Mary M. Innes, 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Week-end Competition

No. 1,334

Set by Hilary

The dialogue form of advertisement, long popular with manufacturers of lime juice and nightcaps, has not yet been adopted by publishing houses. Competitors are invited to submit imaginary conversations (limit 150 words), intended to stimulate the reader into buying the publisher's latest offering. Entries by September 27th.

Result of No. 1,331

Set by John Pomfret

There are rumours that the Army authorities are disturbed at "Teddy Boy" tendencies among National Servicemen. The usual prizes are offered for a ballad in the manner of Kipling, on the neo-Edwardian ranker.

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Report

Drain! Drape! Cosh! Crepe!
Smuggle them into camp!

sang Jolyon Lea, remembering his *Jungle Book* (Parade-Song of the Camp Animals: Commissariat Camels). Others favoured a less recondite mimicry:

If you can keep your head like Tony Curtis
When all around have joined the barber's queue,
Or trim your locks like any duck's posterior
And make allowance for your beret too . . .
(F. M. Noad)

At a table in the NAAFI,
Looking lazy at the tea,
There's a soldier lad a-sittin',
And I know he thinks of me,
For I stopped him leaving barracks,
Said his turn-out wouldn't do,
And he cursed my stripes to Hades,
So he's on a 252.
(A. W. Dicker)

We aren't no mother's darlin's nor we aren't all vicious too,
But growin' lads in barricks without very much to do,
An' if sometimes we whoop it up with razor blades an' knives,
Why, growin' lads in barricks lead uninterestin' lives;
But it's Teddy this an' Teddy that an' " What a common rough,"
An' they give us all that discipline an' gravel bashin' stuff;
Which isn't what we 'listed for, it really isn't fair,
That the " flaher " o' British man'ood should be withered on the square. (P. Nicholson)

Margaret Mason hit on a brilliant and unusual first verse:

I am Sabrinus, praefect, and I have no good to tell;
I look on the heart of the legions, and behold it is not well.
The iron heart of the legions, the pride and the boast of Rome,
Bedecks it with robe and with fillet like the scented women at home.

Out of a splendid entry, I have selected the three most perfect parodies. Austin Baker, Martin Jordan and June Mercer Langfield each get two guineas and A. W. Dicker, P. Nicholson and Margaret Mason half-a-guinea each. Hilary Evans, R. B. Hatfield, Allan M. Laing, L. G. Udall, Colston West, Ronald Mason and Jeremy T. White and are all highly commended.

You'd 'ave thought they'd like to see us, when we walks out in the town,
With our collars made of velvet an' our 'air all 'angin' down.
Our shoes 'ave soles a foot thick an' our shoulders measure yards;
I thinks meself we look a proper credit to the Guards:
But it's Teddy this, an' Teddy that, an' " Change that fancy dress,"
So its coshes for the Colonel in the dark be'ind the Mess.

O when we reach the Guardroom, the Sergeant ups and sez:
" The next as you'll be wearin' is a toga and a fez!
You pore benighted 'eathens, you'll disgrace the bloomin' Corps,
Go and get into yer uniforms, what Nature meant you for!"
So its Teddy this, an' Teddy that, an' " Teddy, cut yer 'air!"
But its razors for the Sergeant when we gets 'im off the Square.

AUSTIN BAKER

" Let's 'ave yer name and number," said Redcap-at-the-gate.
" O I can't read me paybook, but I know I've got a date.
I'll 'ave to miss yer coal fatigue, I may be rather late,
But I'll check-in at the Naafi in the morning."

" There's velvet on yer collar and yer necktie looks like tape."
" Me tie's a best silk shoelace and me soles is made of crêpe.
There's a tailor-pal down Woolwich give me battle-dress a drape,
And me drains is right for Naafi in the morning."

" You'll 'ave to 'ave an 'aircut—you're in the army, Ted."
" Me perm was done down Clapham South for thirty bob, 'ole 'ead.
The Brixton boys 'd sell their chivs to 'ave it, so they said,
And I'me due to get it set again this morning."

" Jilloh, me lad, stand shoulders back—get off yer flipping knees."
" Me dad was killed in Alamein and ma scrubs A.B.C.'s.
I like to 'ear yer voice, old cock, but I must stend at ease
Whatever bugle blows tomorrow morning."

MARTIN JORDAN

The bloomin' 'eroes 'Omer knew—
You can't deny as they 'ad guts—
But praps it ain't occurred to you
They also 'ad Kirk Douglas cuts;

The Spartans on them sea-wet rocks
Awaitin' Persia's 'uge array,
All sat and combed their flowin' locks
To smarten up before the fray;

While, turnin' to a later time,
And one 'ose fame through Europe rang—
When Bonaparte was on the climb,
They knew 'im by 'is Brando bang.

And so, if when we're on parade
Some bloomin' sergeant, eyin' me,
Shouts " Get your 'air cut," I'm afraid
'E lacks a sense of 'Istery.

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The Chess Board

No. 311 The Sting of Stinginess

It is not only in certain openings—as we saw last week—that we may suffer the penalty of unwise reluctance to part with a P for positional reasons; much the same principle applies to endings such as Reshevsky-Alekhine, Avro 1938. Here Sammy made one of his rare mistakes in clinging to the worthless QP, and when ten moves later he saw the error of his way it was too late to rectify it, and Alekhine shrewdly slipped away with a draw. White *could* have won by (1) P-R4!, R x P; (2) P-Kt3, P-R6; (3) R-QR5, R-Q7 ch; (4) K-K3, R-QR7; (5) K-B4, R-R8; (6) K-Kt5, P-R7; (7) P-Kt4, etc. No space for alternate variations (thoroughly analysed in André Chéron's excellent book mentioned here the other day). Now let's see how the game actually went.

(1)	P-Q5?	P-R6	(10)	K-R3	P-R7
(2)	R-R7 ch	K-B3	(11)	P-Q6 ch	K x P
(3)	R-QR7	K-K4	(12)	P-Kt4	K-B3!
(4)	R-R5	R-Q7 ch	(13)	K-Kt3	K-Kt3
(5)	K-B3	R-Q6 ch	(14)	R-R8	K-Kt4!
(6)	K-K2? (K-Kt4!)	R-QKt6	(15)	P-R3	K-Kt5
(7)	K-B2? (P-R4!)	R-Kt7 ch	(16)	K-B4	R-QB7!
(8)	K-Kt3	R-Kt6 ch	(17)	R-Kt8 ch!	K-B6
(9)	K-R4	R-Kt7	(18)	R-QR8	K-Kt5!

Draw by repetition, since Black threatened to win by getting his R on to the QR file. Evidently Sammy, at that time, wasn't aware of Tarrasch-Tchigorin 1893, one of the models for the correct treatment of that sort of R & P ending.

(1)	. . .	R-QR7	(10)	R-R8 ch	K-R2
(2)	K-Kt4!	R-R8	(11)	R-R7 ch	K-R1
(3)	R-R6 ch	K-B2	(12)	R-KB7!	R-Kt4 ch
(4)	K-Kt5	P-R7	(13)	K-Kt6	R-Kt3 ch
(5)	P-Kt4	K-K2	(14)	R-B6	R-Kt1
(6)	R-R7 ch	K-K1	(15)	P-Kt5	R-R1
(7)	P-R5	K-B1	(16)	R-B5!	K-Kt1
(8)	P-R6	R-QKt8 (forced)	(17)	R-Q5!	R-Kt1
(9)	R x P	K-Kt1	(18)	K-R5	R-R1
			(19)	P-Kt6	K-R1
			(20)	R-KB5	R-KKt1!
			(21)	P-Kt7 ch	K-R2
			(22)	R-B8	R x R
			(23)	P x R (Kt or B!)	etc.

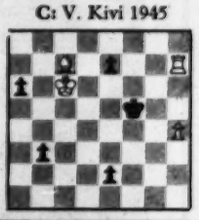
Obviously (21) P-R7? would have been refuted by R x P!. No space for some thorough analysis (by Tarrasch, Karstedt, Chéron and others) to show that (1) . . . P-R7 cannot save Black either.

A: Jensen 1937

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black (to move) forced the decision very neatly. How? **B** should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points if I add the helpful hint that the main variation leads to stalemate. **C** is a win for White and should well be worth 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by September 26.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1935

C: V. Kivi 1945



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 308. Set August 27

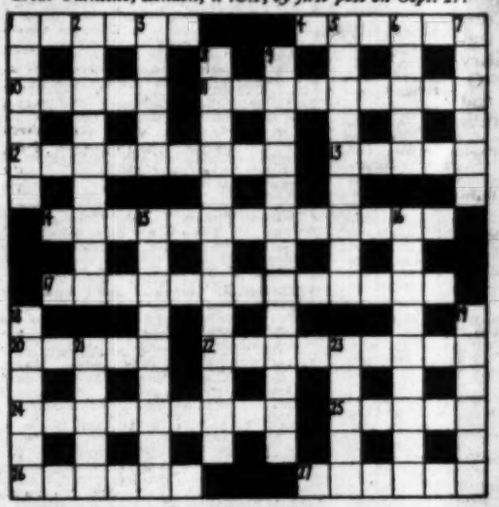
A: (1) . . . R x Kt ch. (2) K x R, R-R1 ch. (3) Kt-R5, R x Kt ch. (4) K-Kt3, Kt-R6 ch. (5) K-Kt4, R-R5 mate.
B: (1) Kt-K5 ch, K-Q5 ! (2) P queens, B-K5 ch. (3) K-Q6 etc.
C: (1) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt8. (2) Q-QKt8, P queens. (3) B x P ch., K-R7. (4) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt7. (5) Q x B, ch. K-R6. (6) Q-R6 ch., K-Kt7. (7) Q-Kt5 ch., K-R6. (8) Q-R5 ch., K-Kt7. (9) Q-Kt4 ch., K-B8. (10) K-Kt1 ! etc.

A good many competitors stumped by **B** and/or **C**. Prizes shared by A. J. Bamford, K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft. Flawless solutions also by D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman and M. Rumney.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 170

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 170, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 27.



ACROSS

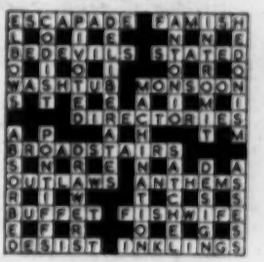
1. Permanent resident in certain materials (6).
4. I stay with a male in the same place (6).
10. Tragic blow for an opera (5).
11. After a party dole out the flattery (9).
12. The quack is to do odd jobs with a backward province (9).
13. Fund for a Miss Bennet (5).
14. Short legs land in wrestling grips (13).
17. Call last perhaps and one's partner follows with a good card; here is a famous building (7, 6).
20. " He sought the storms; but for a calm ——— " (Dryden) (5).
22. Take the evergreen from this plant and wine remains (9).
24. Two crabs and I would make a jumble of these odds and ends (9).
25. It is an effort to move nearly all of the sky (5).
26. Knotty snare with a large number inside (6).
27. Arbours for violinists? (6).

DOWN

1. Creature so tiny you can get a hundred in a small photograph (6).
2. Strange character that appears transfigured in a distorted dream (3, 6).
3. Fish for a goblin (5).
5. Nearly all short of funds for the holiday resort (9).
6. Meaning to leave things to circumstances (5).
7. Sums for an individual in my society (6).
8. They enable one to see the world on a plane (13).
9. I am found with a broken couple to mend for coppers (7, 6).
15. The saint alas is torn to pieces for the dogs (9).
16. Five hundred a month speak for a degree (9).
18. City of cities if it lost its head (6).
19. Big hits for winter sportsmen (6).
21. Nameless ally prepared for the table (5).
23. The brute loves fodder tipped upside down (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 168



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 168

G. W. Parry (Buckhurst Hill), Mrs. E. J. Bryson (Ulverston), J. S. Ormston (Newcastle upon Tyne)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmaster: New County Secondary School for boys at Dacres Road, Lewisham, S.E.23. Headmaster: Mr. A. E. Heward, B.Sc. A new secondary school for about 1,320 boys, to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial special allowance at present £250 a year but likely to be appreciably increased. Various courses will be provided; some to lead to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and some to prepare for advanced studies in commerce and building. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (Dacres) to be obtained from, and returned to, the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by September 23. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (1455)

PERSONAL Assistants (female) required by the Government of the Northern Region of Nigeria for administrative duties in Ministries and Government Offices. One tour of 18/24 months in the first instance. Salary scale (including Expatriation Pay) £807 rising to £1,115 a year. Gratuity at rate of £100/£150 a year. Possibility of permanent employment at later date. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates not under 25 years of age and single must be educated to Matriculation standard and have shorthand and typing speeds of not less than 110/50 w.p.m. respectively. They must have had several years' experience in a responsible position as personal assistant or secretary. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifics. and exper. and quote M1B/42737/MJ.

OLIVETTI—Italy. Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A. of Ivrea, Italy, have vacancies at their research and development laboratories in Italy for qualified engineers with full experience in digital computers. Candidates, aged up to 40, must have a solid scientific and technical background and be keenly interested in all matters relating to electronic calculators. They should be capable of taking an active and creative part in the design of control units for data processing computers. In arriving at the starting salary, consideration will be given to experience in this specialised field and to previous career. Renewable two-year contracts are offered. Write, giving full details of education and previous experience, to the Personnel Manager, Ing. C. Olivetti & C. S.p.A., Ivrea, Italy. Replies should reach the advertiser not later than September 30 and will be dealt with by October 15.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council requires Shorthand-Typist with experience in social work and/or publications. Married woman preferred. Salary £6-£7 per week. Written applications to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Publicity Officer to promote sound programmes, particularly features and drama, in wide range of publications. Work is interesting and entails contact with programme planners, producers, etc., and calls for initiative in devising publicity for programmes. Candidates must be enterprising and have journalistic experience, preferably on publicity, and considerable knowledge of sound radio programmes. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 per annum maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1239 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

CO-OPERATIVE Education. The Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., invites applications for the following posts:—Adult Education Organiser to supervise and promote classes, lecture courses and other activities within the education committee's extensive plan for such work. Youth Organiser to develop leisure-time activities for children and adolescents associated with the national co-operative youth movement. Experience of educational work within the co-operative movement desirable. Salary in each case £600 p.a., plus bonus. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application forms, to be returned by September 29, from the Education Secretary, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with Problem Families to many other parts of the country. Social workers interested in participating in this development can obtain details of salaries, qualifications, training, etc., from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

SECRETARY, aged 30-40, required for Director of Research Unit. Applicants should be good shorthand-typists experienced in office organisation, staff control and simple accounts. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience on scale £463-£563. Superannuation scheme, four weeks holiday. Write giving full details of age, qualifications and experience to Box 9725.

ORGANISATION & Methods Assistant, 25-35, required for progressive manufacturing company. Applicants should have good knowledge of modern clerical methods and procedure. Preference given men with industrial experience in cost and works accounting and production planning. Excellent prospects. Pensionable. State age, qualifications, experience. Box 9733.

SECRETARY/Sub-Editor (woman) required by weekly technical journal. Good standard education essential (University graduate preferred). Typing and shorthand required and previous experience of press work an advantage. Starting salary £500 p.a. Apply, with full details of experience and qualifications, to Box 165, Charles Sell Advtg., 5 & 6 Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN (or Lady, as you prefer) required as senior in small office. Good typist with reasonable shorthand and ability to cope with junior staff. Age is much less important than competence. The business, which is in Fleet Street, is concerned with the sale of advertising space. 5-day week. Write details and salary required to Box 9723.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Trade Union office. Commencing salary £8 per week. Apply in writing to A.C.T., 2 Soho Square, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHESTER Beatty Research Institute (Institute of Cancer Research: Royal Cancer Hospital), Fulham Road, S.W.3. Graduate in biology or social science required, with knowledge of hospital records, computing technique, and shorthand-typing, to assist in statistical work on cancer incidence. The successful candidate may be required to undertake some travelling in the United Kingdom, for the collection of data. The post is permanent and superannuable, and salary will be according to qualifications and experience. Applications, marked "Statistics," and including the names of two referees, should be addressed to reach the Secretary within fourteen days from the date of this advertisement.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford Street. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

BOOKSELLERS (Bloomsbury District) require help (Male or Female) for clerical and secretarial permanent part-time work in the late afternoons, preferably 5-8. High degree of accuracy, reliability, good at figures essential. State age, experience, wage required. Applics. in handwriting. Box 9669.

SECRETARY with initiative to help in work for disabled people. Graduate preferred. Good shorthand/typing speeds essential. 'Phone Registrar, EUSton 4037.

BRITISH Council Rehabilitation require part-time general clerical assistant for social medical work. Phone EUSton 4037.

PART-TIME Secretary Shorthand-Typist required Kensington. Approx. 10 hours weekly. Times can be flexible. Interesting University social project. Good salary experienced worker. 'Phone PARk 9762.

INTELLIGENT and energetic secretary required by Machinery Sales Agency in South Oxfordshire. London 40 miles. Good shorthand-typing essential. Salary and modern bungalow. Box 9801.

SECRETARIES & Shorthand-Typists requiring interesting and well-paid posts are invited to apply to Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

SHORTHAND/Typist reqd. for Film Co. Interesting work. Temp. or perm. Contemporary Films, Ltd., 59 Frith St., W.1.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires Records Clerk. Salary on C.A.W.U. Scale. Particulars and application form from General Secretary, 8 Harley Street, W.1.

TRANSLATOR wanted, from German to English, literary and political matter. Also reviser and proof-reader, English literary MSS. Jewish Post, 257 Seven Sisters Rd., London, N.4.

TYPIST wanted (about 21-25) to train as Secretarial Assistant in a London correspondence school. Interesting, progressive opening. Commencing salary £7. Write stating age, speed and experience to Box 9734.

TELEPHONE operator/filing clerk, typing ability and knowledge of German an advantage. Box 9779.

SEC. S/T. Int. educ. work, 38-hr. wk. inc. 3 evngs. to 8 p.m. during term. Apply S. Herts Coll. of F.E., Wood St., Barnet.

OLD-ESTABLISHED Publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No. Sats. Box 9803.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Suez Contractors Management Company, Limited, require a number of qualified women as teachers of general subjects to juniors and infants in Primary Schools in the Suez Canal Zone, Egypt. Two year contracts, free accommodation and paid home leave. Remuneration based on Burnham scale plus overseas allowance of £400 per annum. Apply in writing to George Wimpey & Co., Limited, Department 19, Wright's Lane, Kensington, London, W.8.

YOUNG man with vitality and bright ideas wanted to help run, and sell advertising space in, the new 12-page "Tribune." Good wages, prospects and commission. Write 222 Strand, W.C.2.

ALL-round man, genuinely interested in education, wanted to help on the practical side in co-educational school. No teaching experience required. Full- or part-time. Good working conditions. Box 9396.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

RESIDENT Nurse required, baby expected April also help 4 year old school child. Daily domestic employed. TUD. 5114.

COOK wanted 4 nights weekly; 4 in family; barrister's flat Temple. Box 8386.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER (36), public school education, University graduate and six years infantry officer, business experience, seeks non-commercial office job in London area. Small salary. In good health and reliable. Excellent references. Box 9729.

LADY, middle-aged, very fit, active & experienced all office work, typing. Foreign languages. Full-time. Box 9717.

M.A., LL.B. (Cantab), Barrister 4 yrs.' exp., 29, reqs. London post. Box 9301.

LADY, secretarial quals., trained artist, car driver, seeks post with artistic, literary or theatrical concern. Box 9501.

WELL-educ. enterprising young woman seeks position on journal or newspaper. Free-lance and magazine experience. Well-travelled. Secretarial training. Box 9758.

WEST Indian lady, adaptable, intell., sks. work London area, pref. connected children, nursing, receptionist, etc. Box 9690.

GENT. likes to give general help at educational establishment. Box 9496.

UNDER-occupied, healthy, married countryman, marooned London, expd. dairy/arable farming, desires return to genuinely rural, fet-free area. Happy atmosphere essential. Box 9495.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "The Burnt Flower-Bed." Mems.

ENGLISH Opera Group. Scala Theatre, Sept. 20 to Oct. 1. Rep. The Turn of the Screw, A Dinner Engagement, Façade, Let's make an Opera! Full details & tickets from Box Office (MUS. 5731).

UNITY: "The Road to Life," by Anton Makarenko. Fri., Sat., Sun., at 7.45. Membership 2s. 6d. a year. EUS. 5391.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 18: "Welcome, Mr. Marshall" (U). "Thursday's Children" (U). From Sept. 19: "The Little World of Don Camillo" (U). "Sunday by the Sea" (U).

NATIONAL Film Th., 5th. Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Sept. 17. Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall in "Key Largo" (A). Dir.: John Huston. 2, 4, 6, 8.

HAMMERSMITH Film Society, new season starts Thurs., Sept. 29, 7.30 p.m. Programmes include: Les Enfants Terribles; The Life of Emile Zola; A Nous La Liberté; The Reckless Moment; The White Haired Girl; Philadelphia Story; My Universities; The Imposter; Ivan the Terrible; Krakatit; The Navigator. Write to Town Hall, London, W.6, for detailed brochure.

FILMS. Newcastle-on-Tyne B.S.F.S. Education Committee. "Country Doctor," "Chinese Exhibition in Moscow." News Reel. Sat., Sept. 24, 7 p.m. News Theatre Lecture Hall, Pilgrim St. 2s. at door.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Don Simmons, Saturday, Sept. 17, 8-11. Members and their guests only. 3s. and 5s. Subscription 2gns. Entrance fee suspended until Sept. 17.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Sept. 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tkts. 4s.

W.A.S.U. Sensational Beginning-of-Session Dance, Friday, Sept. 23. Porchester Hall, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Charles Chapman's 10 piece Band. Men 6s., Ladies 5s.

"UNDER the Lanterns" Party to celebrate China's National Day Sat., Oct. 1, Royal Hotel, 8-12 p.m. Guest of Honour: Mr. Huan Hsiang, Chargé D'Affaires. Guest Artists presented by Harry Ross: Alan Loveday, Leonard Cassini, Miss Chin Yu and David Williams, Miss Julia Wu. Dance to Don Raine Young and his Music. Tickets 5s. 6d. from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Artists of Fame and Promise, Part Two. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until Sept. 22.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Memorial Exhib. Painting & Sculpture by William Ohly; Daily 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

"DESIGN for Sleep." Heal's bedding specialities for individual needs. Extra wide and long beds, firm mattresses, soft mattresses, space-saving beds, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, craft work. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 until September 30. 1s., children 6d. Organised by "The Sunday Pictorial."

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Victor Willing, Paintings. Frosso Eftimiadi, Sculpture. Open until Oct. 1.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Bryan Wynter. First London exhibition by Orix. Drawings by William Strutt (1825-1915).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Some French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Fifth Exhibition of International Book Design. Daily 11-5, Thursdays 11-8. Non-members 1s. 3d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

IMPERIAL Institute, South Kensington. Annual Exhibition of South Eastern Federation of Art Societies, Sept. 9-30.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Helen Lempriere. Till Sept. 24. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Young Contemporaries—Selection from the Art Schools of Great Britain.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibition. Last week.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Exhibition of Italian Handicrafts. Sept. 16-30. Mon.-Fri.: 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sat.: 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Closed Sundays. Adm. Free.

ST. George's Gallery, 7 Cork Street, W.1. William Thomson, first exhibition. Japanese Actor prints illustrating Kabuki.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Michael Ayrton: an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, book illustration and stage design, 1944-1955. Opens Sept. 23. Weekdays, 11-6; Suns., 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Gerald Wilde Retrospective Exhibition, 1929. 10.30-6, Sat. until 1. Closed Suns. Ad. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. 8.15. September Tues. 20: "Some Young Poets," selected & introd. by G. S. Fraser, including Christopher Logue, Philip Larkin, Hilary Corke, Alfred Alvarez, Thom Gunn and others. Reader Anthony Jacobs. Thurs. 22: Discussion "Art Criticism and Art History," speakers Michael Kitson, Eric Newton and David Sylvester. Chair, William Coldstream. Members 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

BE an M.P. Join Hampstead Parliament, Britain's oldest and liveliest mock parliament. Wed. evenings 8-10.30 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall (opposite Belsize Park Tube Station). Resumes Sept. 28 at 7.45 p.m. Visitors welcome. Details from Miss Dobson, 6 Eagle Court, 69 High Street, N.8.

S. K. RATCLIFFE, "New Patterns in World Affairs." Sept. 18, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society: "The Aged Rich and the Aged Poor": Brian Abel-Smith. Wed., Sept. 21, 7.30. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.C.1. Visitors welc. 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Re-opens Sept. 16. Every Fri. 6.30 p.m. Russian conversation. Lecture Sept. 16, 8 p.m. Benoit Hepner, "The Soviet Philosophy of History" (in Russian); Sept. 23, Prof. Ilyin, "The Lyre of David in Russian Poetry" (in Russian); Sept. 30, John Gregory, "The Russian School and the English Ballet."

THE Business and Professional Forum. "Is Inflation Imminent?" A discussion on Mr. Butler's proposals. Speakers: L. Defries-Porter, LL.B., W. Hamling, B.A. Thurs. Sept. 22, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

CEDRIC Belfrage will speak on America Today, at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Thursday, Sept. 22, 7.30 p.m. Chair: Gordon Schaffer. Tickets 6d. at door.

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting 8 p.m. Thurs., Sept. 22, "The Meaning of Freedom."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.). Thurs., Sept. 22, 7.30: "Concepts of the Ultimate Reality." On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society. Public Lecture, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Sept. 21, 6.30 p.m., Dr. Edward Conze, "The Spiritual Life and its Basic Laws." Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly.

THE Authors' World Peace Appeal invite you to a Vin d'Honneur for Hugh Schonfield, Biblical Scholar, Translator & Author. 8 p.m. Thurs. Sept. 22. 10 Primrose Gdns. N.W.3. Adm. 3s. 6d. incl. refreshments.

SHAW Recital by Terence O'Brien & Ruth Spalding; Sept. 23, 6.45 p.m. Shaw Soc., at 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

"ESPERANTO as a factor in modern life," Montagu C. Butler, at New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk nr. Hampstead Tube Stn. Mn. Sept. 19 at 8.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lect. Sun. 8 p.m., Sept. 18: "Living the Higher Life."

LONDON Natural Health Society—3rd Mon. each month, 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Sept. 19: Margaret Brady, "Having a Baby Easily." Admission free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun., Sept. 18. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. R. St. Barbe Baker, The Man of the Trees.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New Courses September 27. Day and resident students. Canteen.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 26. (Enrolment 5.30-8 Sept. 19-23.) Evening lectures and classes for men and women: Politics, Economics, Current Affairs, History of London, English Language & Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Italic Handwriting, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing, Ballet & Folk Dancing. Social and athletic clubs, Library, Sports Ground, Canteen. Fees from 12s. 6d. a year. Details from Secretary. (WAT. 6872.)

58 "Leisure-Time" Courses in: A Home of Your Own, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Philosophy, International Affairs, Old London, Literature, Natural History, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel: Norway, France, Sweden, etc., Scottish Dancing, Woodwork (Men & Women), Canteen, Common Room, and Library, at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (Euston 1816). Courses commence, Monday, September 26; enrolment from Monday, September 19. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUTORIAL Classes in Greater London, incl. History, Economics, Int. Relations, Literature, Philosophy, Psychology, Music, begin shortly. Arranged by University of London and W.E.A. Weekly in evenings. Modest fees. List from Sec. for Tut. Classes (O), Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

EXPERIMENTAL courses, talks and discussion groups on the practical application of religion, philosophy and psychology to the problems of daily life under modern conditions. For further information apply: Sec., The Open Way, 14a Upper Wimpole St., London, W.1. (Term begins Sept. 26.)

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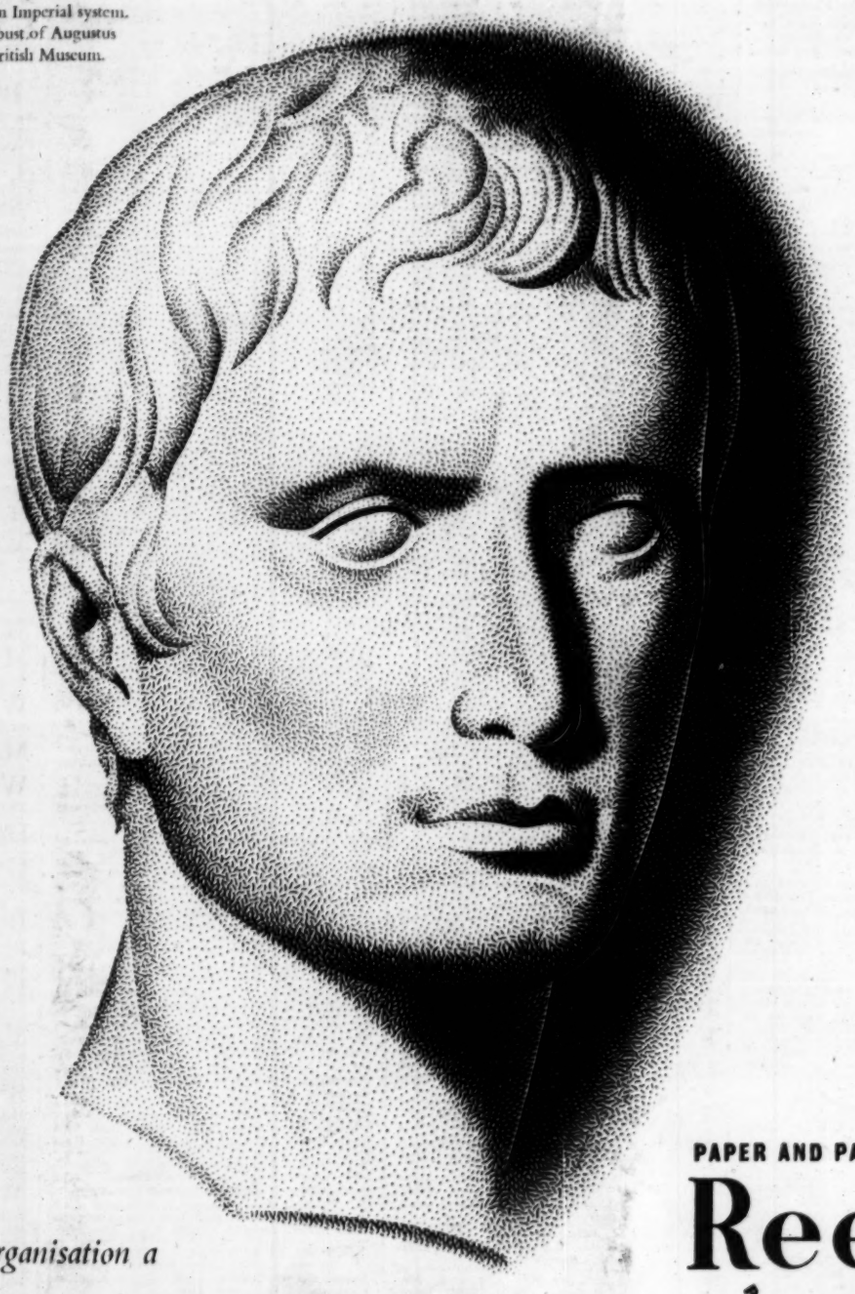

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